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THE
Wild-Goose Chase.
A
COMEDIE.

As it hath been Acted with singular
Applause at the *Black-Friers* :

Being the Noble, Last, and Onely Remaines
of those Incomparable *Drammatists*,

{ *FRANCIS BEAUMONT*, }
AND
{ *JOHN FLETCHER*, } *Gent.*

Retriv'd for the publick delight of all the Ingenious ;

And private Benefit

Of { *JOHN LOWIN*, }
And { *JOSEPH TAYLOR*, } *Servants to His late*
MAJESTIE.

By a Person of Honour.

Ite bonis avibus —

LONDON,
Printed for *Humpberey Moseley*, and are to be
sold at the *Princes Armes* in *St Pauls*
Church-yard. 1652.

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THE DEDICATION.
To the Honour'd, Few, Lovers of
Drammatick Poesie.

Noble Spirits !

IT will seem strange to you that we should beg a Pardon from you before you know a Crime committed ; But such is our *harsh Fate*, that we shall want as much of your *Mercie* to the forgiving of this sad presumption of offering to your view these few *poor sheets*, the *Rich Remains* of our too-long-since lost Friend, Mr. FLETCHER, as we shall your favourable *Acceptance*, and *Incouragement* in it. The Play was of so Generall a receiv'd *Acceptance*, that (he *Himself* a *Spectator*) we have known him un-concern'd, and to have wisht it had been none of His ; He, as well as the *throng'd Theatre* (in despite of his innate *Modesty*) Applauding this *rare issue of his Brain*. His *Complacencie* in his own Work, may be, perhaps no Argument to you of the Goodness of the Play, any more than our *Confidence* of it ; and we do not expect our *Encomium* can do any thing with you, when the Play it self is so near : That will commend it self unto you. And now Farewell our *Glory* ! Farewell your *Choice Delight*, most noble Gentlemen ! Farewell th' *Grand Wheel* that set *Us* smaller Motions in Action ! Farewell the *Pride* and *Life* o'th' Stage ! Nor can we (though in our *Ruin*) much repine that we are so little, since *He* that gave us being is no more.

Generous Soules !

'Tis not unknown unto you All, how by a cruell *Destinie* we have a long time been *Mutes* and *Bound*, although our *Miseries* have been sufficiently *Clamorons* and *Expanded*, yet till this happy opportunitie, never durst vex your open Ears and Hands : But this we're confident of will be the surest Argument for your *Noblesse*. What an Ingenious Person of Qualitie once spake of his *Amours*, we apply to our necessities,

*Silence in Love betrays more Wo
Than Words, though ne'r so Wittie :
The Beggar that is DUMB, you know,
Deserves a DOUBLE PITTIE.*

But be the *Comædie* at your *Mercy* as *We* are. Onely we wish, that you may have the same kind Joy in *Perusing* of it, as we had in the *Acting*.

So Excunt

Your Gratefull Servants,

JOHN LOWIN,
JOSEPH TAYLOR.



On the best, last, and only
remaining *Comedy* of Mr.
FLETCHER.

H'Mun-o'reclowded too ! Clear from the Mist !
The blind and late Heaven's Ey's Great Oculist
Obscur'd with the False Fiers of his Sceme
Not halfe those Souls are Lightned by this Theme.

*Vnhappy Murmurers that still repine
(After th' Eclipse our Sunne doth brighter shine)
Recant your False Grief and your True joyes knowe,
Your Bliss is Endles as you fear'd your Woe !
What Fort'nate Flood is this ? what storm of Witt ?
Oh who would live and not orewhelm'd in it ?
No more a Fatall Diluge shall be hurl'd,
This Inundation hath sav'd the World.*

*Once more the Mighty FLETCHER doth arise
Roab'd in a Vest, Studded with Starrs and Eyes
Of all his former Glories ; His last Worth
Imbroydered with what yet Light e're brought forth.
See ! in this glad Farewell he doth appeare
Stuck with the Constellations of his Sphere,
Fearing we num'd fear'd no Flagration
Hath curled all his Fyres in this one ONE,
Which (as they guard his hallowed Chast Urn)
The dull approaching Hereticks do burn.*

*FLETCHER at his Adieu Carouses thus
To the Luxurious Ingenious.
A Cleopatra did of Old out-vie
Th' un-numbred dishes of her Anthonie
When (He at th' emptie Board a Wonderer)
Smiling shee call's for Pearl and Vineger ;*

First

*First pledges Him in's Breath, then at one Draught
Swallowes Three Kingdomes off to His best Thought.*

*Hear Oh ye Valiant Writers and subscribe !
(His Force set by) y'are Conquer'd by this Bribe ;
Though you Hold out your selves, He doth commit
In this a Sacred Treason on your Witt ;
Although in Poëms desperately Stout,
Give up ; This Overture must buy you out.*

*Thus with some Prodigall Us'rer 't doth fare
That keepes his Gold still veyl'd, his steel-breast bare,
That doth exclude his Coffers all but's Eye
And his Ey's Idoll the Wing'd Deitie ;
That cannot lock his Mines with half the Art
As some Rich Beauty doth his wretched heart :
Wild at his reall Poverty, and so wise
To winne her, turnes Himselfe into a Prize.
First startles Her with th' Emerald-Mad-lover
The Rubie-Arcas ; lest shee should recover
Her das'led Thought a Diamond He throwes
Splendid in all the bright Aspatia's woes ;
Then to summe up the Abstract of his store
He flings a Rope of Pearl of Forty more.
Ah see ! the stag'ring Uertue faints ! which He
Beholding, darts his Wealth's Epitome,
And now to Consumate her wished Fall
Shewes this one Carbuncle that darkens All.*

RICHARD LOVELACE.

On

ON
Mr. FLETCHERS
excellent Play,

THE
WILD-CHASE CHASE.

ME thinkes I see thy *angred ashes* rise
FLETCHER; I feel them smarting in my eyes.
Methinks thou sayst what would this rimer have
He *raises me*, yet gives *my fame a grave*?)
Me thinkes (like that *old Moralists* Complaint
What ill of mine has gain'd this ill mans prayse?
I hear thee say, sure this Play has some taint
That this ill Poet gives his withered bayes?
Perhaps this good *Philosophers* life began
To make the *ill man good*; As in a man
To love the good's a step to being so,
Love to thy *Muse* may be to me so too;
Then I shall know how to commend thy Muse
When her own self the prayses shall infuse:
Till then I must sit down confesse the wonder,
'Bove which I *cannot go*, and, *wont goe under*.
But where's the prayse (you I say) to FLETCHERS wit?
I would ha giv'n but had no Offering fit.
Then let these lines be thought to FLETCHERS *Muse*
Not an *Encomium*, but an *Excuse*.

NORREYS JEPHSON.

An Epigram upon the long lost and fortunately recovered *WILD-GOOSE CHASE*, and as seasonably bestowed on Mr. JOHN LOWEN and Mr. JOSEPH TAYLOR, for their best advantage.

I N this late dearth of vvit, vvhen *Jose* and *Jack*
Were hunger-bit for vvant of fowl and Sack,
His nobleness found out this happy meanes
To mend their dyet vvith these *WILD-GOOSE* scenes,
By vvhich he hath revived in a day
Tvvo Poets, and tvvo A&tors vvith one Play.

W. E.

To the incomparable Mr. *FLETCHER*,
upon his excellent Play, The
WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

Sole Soul of *Drammas*, thou who only art
Whole in the whole, and whole in ev'ry *Part*.
Thy *fury* every scene with spirit warmes,
And that same *spirit* every line *informes*.
Noe *Commās* ly intranc't, and rise up sense
Three, four lines off, such is thy *Influence*.
Thy woords are all *alive*; and thou ne're vvrit
Things to come to themselves, nor *Types of Wit*,
All lives, and is *fulfill'd*. And for thy *Plot*
When ere vve read *we have*, and *have it not*,
And glad to be deceiv'd, finding thy *Drift*
T' excell our gueses at every turn, and shift.
Some new *Meanders* still do put us out,
Yet find that nearest vyhat vve thought *about*.
Through all *Intrigu's* vve are securely lead,
And all the vway vve pass vv'ave hold 'oth' thread,
Which a long vvhile vve *feel* not, till thy *Close*
Winding the *Bottom* up the *Bottom* shovves.

H: HARINGTON.

On Mr. *FLETCHERS* *Wild-Goose Chase recovered.*

LHis sprightly *Posthume*, vvhom our pious fear
Bevvail'd as if it an *abortive* vvcre
(And out of sense of that, no gen'rous *breast*
But a forsaken lover's grief exprest)
Hath forc'd his vway thorough the pangs of *Fate*,
And in his *infancy's* at *mans estate*.
Thus that *Fam'd flood* that's *plung'd* into a grave
For many leagues, at length *exalts* his vvave;
Leapes from his Sepulcher, and proudly slides
Through's banks in deeper, more expanded tides;
Till to his vvatry Center he hath got
By vvrigling tvvines, subtile as *FLETCHER'S* *plot*.
That 'tis a sacred birth from hence vve knovv,
It doth by *buriall*, more *glorious* grovv:
For Saints by persecution thrive; and none
Is Martyr'd, but 's *opprest* into a *throne*.
There reign he to Time's end! vvwhile vve from this,
Doe calculate his *Apotheosis*.

a

JAMES RAMSEY.

DRAMMATIC PERSONÆ.

DE-GARD, A Noble stayd Gentleman that
being newly lighted from his Travells, as-
sists his sister *Oriana* in her chase of *Mira-*
bell the *Wild-Goose*. } Acted by Mr.
Robert Benfield.

LA-CASTRE, the Indulgent Father to *Mir-*
rabell. } Acted by Mr.
Richard Robinson.

MIRABELL, the *Wild-Goose*, a Travayl'd
Monsieur, and great defyer of all Ladies
in the way of Marriage, otherwise their
much loose servant, at last caught by the
despis'd *Oriana*. } Incomparably
Acted by Mr.
Joseph Taylor.

PINAC, his fellow Traveller, of a lively spi-
rit, and servant to the no lesse sprightly
Lillia-Bianca. } Admirably well
Acted by Mr.
Thomas Pollard.

BELLEUR, Companion to both, of a stout
blunt humor, in love with *Rosalura*. } Most naturally
Acted by
Mr. John Lewin.

NANTOLET, Father to *Rosalura* and *Lil-*
lia-Bianca. } Acted by Mr.
William Penn.

LUGIER, the rough and confident Tutor to
the Ladies, and chiefe Engine to intrap
the *Wild-Goose*. } Acted by Mr.
Hilliard Swanson.

ORIANA, the faire betroth'd of *Mirabell*,
and wittie follower of the *Chase*. } Acted by Mr.
Steph. Hammerton.

ROSALURA } the Aërie Daughters of
LILLIA-BIANCA } *Nantolet*. } William Trigg.
Sander Gough.

PETELLA, their waiting-woman. Their Servant Mr *Shanck*.

MARIANA, an English Courtezan.

A young FACTOR. by Mr. *John Honey-man*.

PAGE.

SERVANTS.

SINGING-BOY

TWO MERCHANTS.

PRIEST.

FOURE WOMEN.

THE SCENE PARIS.



THE VVild-Goose-Chafe.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Monsieur de Gard, and a Foot-boy.

De Gard.

Sirha, you know I have rid hard; Stir my Horse well,
And let him want no Litter.

Boy. I am sure I have run hard,
Would some body would walk me, & see me Litterd;
For I think my fellow-Horse, cannot in reason
Desire more rest, nor take up his Chamber before me,
But we are the Beasts now, and the Beasts are our Masters.

de Gard. When you have don, step to the Ten-Crown Ordinary.

Boy. With all my heart, Sir; For I have Twenty Crown-stomach.

de Ga. And there bespeak a dinner.

Boy. Yes Sir, presently.

de Ga. For whom, I beseech you, Sir?

Boy. For my self, I take it Sir.

de Ga. In truth ye shall not take it, 'tis not meant for you,
Ther's for your Provender: Bespeak a Dinner
For *Mounsieur Mirabell*, and his Companions,
They'll be in Town within this houre. When you have don, Sirha,
Make ready all things at my Lodging, for me,
And wait me there.

Boy. The Ten-Crown Ordinary?

de Ga. Yes Sir, if you have not forgot it.

Boy. I'll forget my feet first;

'Tis the best part of a Foot-mans faith.

Exit Boy

de Ga. These youths
For all they have been in *Italy*, to learn thrift,
And seem to wonder at menslavish waies,
Yet they cannot rub off old friends, their French yitches;
They must meet sometimes to disport their Bodies
With good Wine, and good Women; and good store too;
Let'em be what they will, they are Armd at all points
And then hang saving. Let the Sea grow high,

B

This

This *Ordinarie* can fit'em of all Sizes

They must salute their *Countrie* with old customes. *Enter La-Ca-*

Or. Brother.

de G. My dearest sister.

Or. Welcom, welcom :

Indeed ye are welcom home, most welcom.

de G. Thank ye,

You are grown a handsome woman *Oriana*,

(Blush at your faults) I am wondrous glad to see ye.

Monsieur La-Castre : Let not my Affection

To my fair Sister, make me held unmannerly :

I am glad to see ye well, to see ye lustie,

Good health about ye, and in fair company,

Beleeve me, I am proud. --

La Ca. Fair Sir, I thank ye :

Monsieur de Gard, you are welcom from your journey,

Good men, have stil good welcom : give me your hand, Sir.

Once more, you are welcom home : you look still younger.

de G. Time has no leisure to look after us,

We wander, every where : Age cannot find us.

La C. And how does all ?

de G. All well, Sir ; and all lusty.

La Ca. I hope my Son be so, I doubt not Sir,

But you have often seen him in your journeys,

And bring me some fair Newes.

de G. Your Son is well, Sir,

And grown a proper Gentleman : he is well, and lustie,

Within this eight houres, I took leave of him,

And over-eyd him, having some slight busines

That forc'd me out o'th way : I can assure you

He will be here to night.

La Ca. Ye make me glad Sir,

For o' my faith, I almost long to see him,

Me thinks he has been away ---

de G. 'Tis but your tenderness ;

What are three yeares ? a love-sick wench will allow it ?

His friends that went out with him are come back too ;

Belure, and young *Pinac* : he bid me say little,

Because he meanes to be his own glad Messenger.

La C. I thank ye for this newes, Sir, he shalbe welcom,

And his friends too : Indeed I thank you heartily :

And how (for I dare say, you will not flatter him)

Has *Italy* wrought on him ? ha's he mew'd yet,

His wild fantastick Toyes ? they say that Climate

Is a great purger of those humorous Fluxes.

How is he improved, I pray ye ?

de G. No doubt Sir, well.

H'as born himself a full, and noble Gentleman,

To speak him farther, is beyond my Charter, --

La C. I am glad to hear so much good : Come, I see

You long to enjoy your Sister : yet I must inreat ye

Before I go, to sup with me to night

And

And must not be deni'd.

de Ga. I am your servant.

La.C. Where you shall meet fair, merry, and noble Company.
My neighbour *Natolet*, and his two fair daughters.

de G. Your supper's season'd well, Sir. I shall wait upon ye.

La Ca. Till then I'll leave ye: and y^e are once more welcom.

de G. I thank ye, noble Sir. Now *Oriana*, (Exit.
How have ye done since I went? Have ye had your health well?
And your mind free?

Or. You see I am not bated;
Merry, and eat my meat.

de G. A good preservative.
And how have you been us'd? You know *Oriana*,
Upon my going out, at your request,
I left your Portion in *La-Castres* Hands,
(The main Means you must stick to) for that reason
(And 'tis no little one) I ask ye, Sister,
With what humanitie he entertains ye,
And how ye find his curtesie?

Or. Most ready.
I can assure you, Sir, I am us'd most nobly.

de G. I am glad to hear it: But I pre'thee tell me,
(And tell me true) what end had you *Oriana*,
In trusting your money here? He is no Kinsman,
Nor any tie upon him of a Guardian;
Nor dare I, think ye doubt my prodigality.

Or. No, certain, Sir, none of all this provoked me;
Another private reason.

de G. 'Tis not private,
Nor carried so: 'tis common (my fair Sister)
Your love to *Mirabell*; your blushes tell it:
'Tis too much known, and spoken of too largely;
And with no little shame I wonder at it.

Or. Is it a shame to love?

de G. To Love undiscree'tly:
A Virgin should be tender of her honour,
Close, and secure.

Or. I am as close as can be,
And stand upon as strong and honest guards too;
Unless this Warlike Age need a Port-cullis:
Yet I confess, I love him.

de G. Hear the people.

Or. Now I say hang the people: He that dares
Believe what they say, dares be mad, and give
His Mother, nay his own Wife up to Rumor;
All grounds of truth they build on, is a Tavern,
And their best censure's Sack, Sack in abundance:
For as they drink, they think: they ne'r speak modestly
Unless the wine be poor, or they want money.
Beleeve them? beleeve *Amadis de Gaul*,
The Knight o'th' Sun, or *Palmerin of England*;
For these, to them, are modest, and true stories.

Pray

Pray understand me; if their tongues be truth,
 And if in *Vino veritas* be an Oracle,
 What woman is, or has been ever honest?
 Give 'em but ten round cups, they'll swear *Lucretia*
 Dy'd not for want of power to resist *Tarquine*,
 But want of Pleasure, that he stayd no longer;
 And *Portia*, that was famous for her Pietie
 To her lov'd Lord, they'll face ye out, dy'd o'th' pox.

de G. Well, there is something, Sister.

Or. If there be, Brother,

'Tis none of their things, 'tis not yet so monstrous;
 My thing is Mariage: And at his return
 I hope to put their squint-eyes right again.

de G. Mariage? 'tis true: his father is a rich man;
 Rich both in land and money: he his heir,
 A young and handſom man, I muſt confeſs too;
 But of ſuch qualities, and ſuch wild flings,
 Such admirable imperfections, Sister,
 (For all his travaile, and bought experience)
 I ſhould be loth to own him for my brother:
 Me thinks a rich mind in a ſtate indifferent
 Would prove the better fortune.

Or. If he be wild,

The reclaiming him to good, and honeſt (brother)
 Will make much for my honor; which, if I proſper,
 Shall be the ſtudy of my love, and life too.

de G. Ye ſay well; would he thought as well, and loved too.

He marry? he'll be hang'd firſt: he knows no more
 What the conditions and the ties of Love are,
 The honeſt purpoſes and grounds of Mariage,
 Nor will know, nor be ever brought t' endeavour,
 Than I do how to build a Church; he was ever
 A looſe and ſtrong deſier of all order,
 His Loves are wanderers, they knock at each door,
 And taſt each diſh, but are no reſidents:
 Or ſay he may be brought to think of Mariage
 (As 't will be no ſmall labour) thy hopes are ſtrangers.
 I know there is a labour'd match, now follow'd,
 (Now at this time, for which he was ſent for home too)
 Be not abus'd, *Natolet* has two fair daughters,
 And he muſt take his choice.

Or. Let him take freely;

For all this I deſpair not: my mind tells me
 That I, and onely I, muſt make him perfect;
 And in that hope I reſt.

de G. Since y' are ſo confident
 Proſper your hope; I'll be no adverſary:
 Keep your ſelf fair and right, he ſhall not wrong ye.

Or. When I forget my vertue, no man know me.

Exeunt.

Scen.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter *Mirabell, Pinac, Belleure, and Servants.*

Mir. Welcom to *Paris* once more, Gentlemen:
We have had a merry, and a lusty Ord'nary,
And wine, and good meat, and a bounsing Reckning;
And let it go for once; 'Tis a good physick:
Only the wenches are not for my dyet,
They are too lean and thin; their embraces brawn-fall'n.
Give me the plump *Venetian*, fat, and lusty,
That meets me soft and supple; smiles upon me,
As if a cup of full wine leap'd to kiss me;
These slight things I affect not.

Pi. They are ill built;
Pin-buttockt, like your dainty Barbaries,
And weak i'th pasterns; they'l endure no hardness.

Mir. There's nothing good, or handsom, bred amongst us;
Till we are travail'd, and live abroad, we are coxcombs:
Ye talk of *France*, a slight, unseason'd Country;
Abundance of gross food, which makes us block-heads:
We are fair set-out indeed, and so are fore-horses.
Men say we are great Courtiers, men abuse us:
We are wise, and valiant too, *non credo Signior*:
Our women the best Linguists, they are Parrats;
O' this side the *Alpes* they are nothing but meer Drollaries:
Ha *Roma la Santa, Italie* for my money:
Their policies, their customs; their frugalities,
Their curtesies so open, yet so reserved too,
As when ye think y' are known best, ye are a stranger;
Their very pick-teeth speak more man than we do,
And season of more salt.

Pi. 'Tis a brave Country;
Not pester'd with your stubborn precise puppies,
That turn all usefull, and allow'd contentments
To scabs and scruples; hang 'em Capon-worshippers.

Bel. I like that freedom well, and like their women too,
And would fain do as others do; but I am so bashfull,
So naturally an *Ass*: Look ye, I can look upon 'em,
And very willingly I go to see 'em,
(There's no man willinger) and I can kiss 'em,
And make a shift —

Mir. But if they chance to flout ye,
Or say ye are too bold; fie Sir remember;
I pray sit farther off; —

Bel. 'Tis true, I am humbled,
I am gone, I confess ingenuously I am silenced,
The spirit of *Amber* cannot force me answer.

Pi. Then would I sing and dance.

Bel. You have wherewithall, Sir.

Pi. And charge her up again.

Bel. I can be hang'd first:
Yet where I fasten well, I am a tyrant.

C

Mir.

Mir. Why, thou dar'st fight?

Bel. Yes, certainly, I dare fight;
And fight with any man, at any weapon,
Would th' other were no more; but, a pox on't,
When I am sometimes in my height of hope,
And reasonable valiant that way, my heart harden'd;
Some scornfull jest or other, chops between me
And my desire: What would ye have me to do then, Gentlemen?

Mir. *Belvere*, ye must be bolder: Travell three years,
And bring home such a baby to betray ye
As bashfulness? a great fellow, and a souldier?

Bel. You have the gift of impudence, be thankful;
Every man has not the like talent: I will study
And if it may be reveal'd to me,

Mir. Learn of me,
And of *Pinac*: no doubt you'll find imployment;
Ladies will look for Courtship.

Pi. 'Tis but fleshing, rage?
But standing one good brunt or two: ha!st thou any mind to ma-
Wee'll provide thee some soft-natur'd wench, that's dumb too.

Mir. Or an old woman that cannot refuse thee in charity.

Bel. A dumb woman, or an old woman, that were eager,
And car'd not for discourse, I were excellent at.

Mir. You must now put on boldness, there's no avoyding it;
And stand all hazards; fly at all games bravely;
They'll say you went out like an Ox, and return'd like an Ass else.

Bel. I shall make danger sure.

Mir. I am sent for home now,
I know it is to mary, but my father shall pardon me,
Although it be a witty ceremony,
And may concern me hereafter in my gravitie;
I will not lose the freedom of a Traveller;
A new strong lusty Bark cannot ride at one anchor;
Shall I make divers suits to shew to the same eyes?
'Tis dull, and home-spun: Study severall pleasures,
And want employments for 'em; I'll be hang'd first;
Tie me to one smock? make my travels fruitless?
I'll none of that: For every fresh behaviour,
By your leave, father, I must have a fresh Mistress,
And a fresh favour too.

Bel. I like that passingly;
As many as you will, so they be willing;
Willing, and gentle, gentle.

Pi. There's no reason
A Gentleman, and a Traveller, should be clapt up,
For 'tis a kind of Baboes to be maryed
Before he manifest to the world his good parts:
Tug ever like at a rascall at one oar?
Give me the *Italian* liberty.

Mir. That I study;
And that I will enjoy: Come, go in Gentlemen,
There mark how I behave my self, and follow. Exeunt

Scen.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter La-Castre, Natolet, Lugien, Rosa, Lienra,
Lydia-Biancha.

La C. You and your beauteous daughters are most welcom,
Beswore my blood they are fair ones; welcom Beauties,
Welcom sweet birds.

Na. They are bound much to your curtesies.

La Ca. I hope we shall be nearer acquainted.

Na. That's my hope too.

Na. For certain, Sir, I much desire your Alliance.

You see 'em, they are no Gipseies; for their breeding,

It has not been so coarse, but they are able

To rank themselves with women of fair fashion;

Indeed they have been trained well.

Lug. Thank me.

Na. Fit for the heirs of that state I shall leave 'em;

To say more, is to sell 'em. They say your son

Now he has travail'd must be wondrous curious,

And choice in what he takes: These are no coarse ones;

Sir, here's a merry wench, let him look to himself,

(All heart, y'faith) may chance to startle him;

For all his care, and travail'd caution,

May creep into his eye; if he love Gravity,

Affect a solemn face, there's one will fit him.

La C. So young, and so demure?

Na. She is my daughter,

Else I would tell you, Sir, she is a Mistress

Both of those manners, and that modesty,

You would wonder at: She is no often speaker,

But when she does, she speaks well; Nor no Reveller,

Yet she can dance, and has studied the Court Elements,

And sings, as some say, handsomly; if a woman,

With the decencie of her sex, may be a Scholar,

I can assure ye, Sir, she understands too.

La C. These are fit Garments, Sir.

Lug. Thank them that cut 'em:

Yes, they are handsom women; they have handsom parts too;

Prettie becoming parts.

La C. 'Tis like they have, Sir.

Lug. Yes, yes, and handsom Education they have had too:

Had it abundantly; they need not blush at it;

I taught it, I'll avouch it.

La C. Ye say well, Sir.

Lug. I know what I say, Sir, and I say but right, Sir.

I am no trumpet of their commendations

Before their father; else I should say farther.

La C. Pray ye, what's this Gentleman?

Na. One that lives with me, Sir;

A man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter,

Yet it offends no wise man; I take pleasure in't;

Many fair gifts he has, in some of which

That lie most easie to their understandings,

Has handsomly bred up my girls, I thank him.

I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urg'd it,
It seems they are of years now to take hold on't.

Na. He's wondrous blunt.

La C. By my faith I was afraid of him:

Does he not fall out with the Gentlewomen sometimes?

Na. No, no; he's that way moderate, and discreet, Sir.

Ros. If he did, we should be too hard for him.

Lug. Well said Sulphur:

Too hard for thy husbands head, if he wear not armour.

Na. Many of these bickrings, Sir.

Enter Mirabell, Pi-

La C. I am glad they are no Oracles: *nac, de Gard,* and
Sure, as I live, he beats them, he's so puissant. *Oriana.*

Or. Well, if ye do forget—

Mir. Pre'thee hold thy peace;
I know thou art a prettie wench; I know thou lov'st me,

Preserve it till we have a fit time to discourse on't,

And a fit place: I'll ease thy heart, I warrant thee:

Thou see'st I have much to do now.

Or. I am answer'd, Sir:

With me ye shall have nothing on these conditions.

de G. Your father, and your friends.

La C. You are welcom home, Sir;

'Bless ye, ye are very welcom.

'Pray know this Gentleman,

And these fair Ladies.

Na. Monsieur Mirabell,

I am much affected with your fair return, Sir:

You bring a generall joy.

Mir. I bring you service,

And these bright beauties, Sir.

Na. Welcom home, Gentlemen,

VWelcom, with all my heart.

Bel. Pi. VVe thank ye, Sir.

La C. Your friends will have their share too.

Bel. Sir, we hope

They'll look upon us, though we shew like strangers.

Na. Monsieur de-Gard, I must salute you also, (too.

And this fair Gentlewoman: you are welcom from your Travell

All welcom, all.

de G. VVe render ye our loves, Sir;

The best wealth we bring home: By your favours, Beauties,

One of these two: you know my meaning.

Or. VVell Sir;

They are fair and handfom, I must needs confess it;

And let it prove the worst, I shall live after it,

Whilst I have meat & drink, Love can not starve me;

For if I dye o'th' first fit, I am unhappy,

And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.

Mir. To mary, Sir?

La C. You know I am an old man,

And every hour declining to my grave,

One foot already in, more souls I have not,

Nor

Nor more I dare not seek whilst you are worthy,
In you lies all my hope, and all my name,
The making good or wretched of my memory,
The safety of my state.

Mir. And you have provided
Out of this tenderness this handsom Gentlewoman,
Daughters to this rich man, to take my choice of?

La C. I have, dear son.

Mir. 'Tis true, ye are old, and feeble'd;
Would ye were young again, and in full vigor;
I love a bounteous fathers life, a long one,
I am none of those that when they shoot to ripeness,
Do what they can to break the boughs they grew on:
I wish ye many years, and many riches,
And pleasures to enjoy 'em: But for Mariage,
I neither yet beleve in't, nor affect it,
Nor think it fit.

La. C. You will render me your reasons?

Mir. Yes, Sir, both short and pithy; and these they are:
You would have me marry a Mayd?

La C. A Mayd? what else?

Mir. Yes, there be things called Widdows, dead-mens Wills,
I never lov'd to prove those; nor never long'd yet
To be buried alive in anothers mans cold Monument.
And there be Maids appearing, and Maids being:
The appearing, are fantastick things, meer shadows;
And if you mark 'em well, they want their heads too;
Onely the world, to cosen mystie eyes,
Has clapt 'em on new faces. The Mayds being,
A man may venture on, if he be so mad to marry;
If he have neither fear before his eyes, nor fortune;
And let him take heed how he gather these too;
For look ye, father, they are just like Melons,
Musk-Melons are the Emblems of these Mayds;
Now they are ripe, now cut 'em, they taste pleasantly,
And are a dainty fruit, digested easily:
Neglect this present time, and come to morrow,
They are so ripe they are rotten gon, their sweetness
Run into humour, and their taste to surfeit.

La. C. Why these are now ripe son.

Mir. I'll try them presently,
And if I like their taste——

La. C. Pray ye please your self, Sir.

Mir. That liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it.
Lady, what think you of a handsom man now?

Ros. A wholsom too, Sir.

Mir. That's as you make your bargain.
A handsom, wholsom man then, and a kind man,
To chear your heart up, to rejoyce ye, Lady?

Ros. Yes, Sir, I love rejoycing. *Mir.* To ly close to ye?
Close as a cockle? keep the cold nights from ye?

Ros. That will be lookt for too, our bodies ask it.

Mir. And get two Boyes at every birth?

Ros. That's nothing,

I have known a Cobler do it, a poor thin Cobler;
A Cobler out of mouldy cheese perform it,
Cabbage, and coarse black bread: me thinks a Gentleman
Should take foul scorn to have a Nawl out-name him.
Two at a birth? why every House-dove has it:
That man that feeds well, promises as well too,
I should expect indeed something of worth from.
Ye talk of two?

Mir. She would have me get two dozen,
Like Buttons, at a birth.

Ros. You love to brag, Sir.

If you proclame these offers at your Mariage,
Ye are a pretty timber'd man, take heed,
They may be taken hold of, and expected,
Yes, if not hoped for at a higher rate too.

Mir. I will take heed, and thank ye for your counsell:
Father, what think ye?

La C. 'Tis a merry Gentlewoman;
Will make, no doubt, a good wife.

Mir. Not for me:

I marry her, and happily get nothing;
In what a state am I then? Father, I shall suffer
For any thing I hear to the contrary, *more majornas*,
I were as sure to be a Cuckold, Father,
A Gentleman of Antler.

La C. Away, away fool.

Mir. As I am sure to fail her expectation,
I had rather get the pox than get her babies.

La C. Ye are much too blame; if this do not affect ye,
Pray try the other; she is of a more demure way.

Bel. That I had but the audacitie to talk thus!
I love that plain-spoken Gentlewoman admirably,
And certain I could go as near to please her,
If down-right doing--- she has a per'lous countenance,
If I could meet one that would beleve me,
And take my honest meaning without circumstance.

Mir. You shall have your will, Sir, I will try the other,
But 'twill be to small use. I hope, fair Lady
(For methinks in your eyes I see more mercy)
You will enjoyn your Lover a less penance;
And though I'll promise much, as men are liberrall,
And vow an ample sacrifice of service,
Yet your discretion, and your tenderness,
And thriftiness in Love, good housewives carefulnes
To keep the stock entire---

Lyl. Good Sir, speak louder,
That these may witness too ye talk of nothing,
I should be loth alone to bear the burthen
Of so much indiscretion.

Mir. Heark ye, heark ye;

Od's-bobs, you are angry, Lady.

Lyl. Angry? no, Sir;
I never own'd an anger to lose poorly.

Mir. But you can love, for all this, and delight too,
For all your set-austeritie, to hear
Of a good husband, Lady?

Lyl. You say true, Sir:
For by my troth, I have heard of none these ten year,
They are so rare, and there are so many, Sir,
So many longing-women on their knees too,
That pray the dropping down of these good husbands,
The dropping down from heaven: for they are not bred here,
That you may ghes at all my hope, but hearing—

Mir. Why may not I be one?

Lyl. You were near 'em once, Sir,
When ye came ore the *Alpes*; those are near heaven:
But since ye mist that happiness, there's no hope of ye.

Mir. Can ye love a man?

Lyl. Yes, if the man be lovely;
That is, be honest, modest: I would have him valiant,
His anger slow, but certain for his honor;
Travail'd he should be, but through himself exactly;
For 'tis fairer to know manners well, than Countries;
He must be no vain talker, nor no Lover
To hear himself talk, they are brags of a wanderer,
Of one finds no retreict for fair behaviour;
Would ye learn more?

Mir. Yes.

Lyl. Learn to hold your peace then,
Fond girls are got with tongues, women with tempers.

Mir. Women, with I know what; but let that vanish:
Go thy way good-wife *Biss*; sure thy husband
Must have a strong Philosophers stone, he will ne'r please thee else,
Heer's a starcht peece of Austeritie: do you hear, father?
Do you hear this morall Lecture?

La C. Yes, and like it.

Mir. Why there's your judgment now; there's an old bolt shot:
This Thing must have the strangest observation,
Do you mark me (father?) when she is marryed once,
The strangest custom too of admiration
On all she do's and speaks, 'twill be past sufferance;
I must not lie with her in common language,
Nor cry, have at thee *Kate*, I shall be hilt then;
Nor eat my meat without the sawce of Sentences,
Your powder'd beef, and problemes, a rare dyet;
My first son, Monsieur *Aristotle*, I know it,
Great Master of the Metaphysicks, or so;
The second *Solon*, and the best Law-setter;
And I must look Egyptian God-fathers,
Which will be no small trouble: My eldest daughter
Sapho, or such a fidling kind of Poetess,
And brought up, *invita Minerva*, at her needle.

My

My dogs must look their names too, and all Spartan,
Lelaps, Melampus : no more *Fox* and *Baudiface*.
 I marry'd to a fullen set of Sentences?
 To one that weighs her words and her behaviours
 In the Gold-weights of discretion? I'll be hang'd first.

La C. Pre'thec reclame thy self.

Mir. Pray ye give me time then;
 If they can set me any thing to play at,
 That seems fit for a Gamester, have at the fairest
 Till I see more, and try more.

L. C. Take your time then,
 I'll bar ye no fair liberty: Come Gentlemen,
 And Ladies, come; to all once more a welcom,
 And now let's in to supper.

Mir. How do'st like 'em?

Pi. They are fair enough, but of so strange behaviors.

Mir. Too strange for me; I must have those have mettle,
 And mettle to my mind: Come lets be merry.

Bel. Bless me from this woman: I would stand the Cannon
 Before ten words of hers.

de Ga. Do you find him now?
 Do you think he will be ever firm?

Or. I fear not. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Mirabell, Pinac, Bellure.*

Mir. NE'r tel me of this happiness, 'tis nothing;
 The state they bring with being sought to scurvey,
 I had rather make mine own play, and I will do.
 My happiness is in mine own content,
 And the despising of such glorious trifles,
 As I have done a thousand more. For my humour
 Give me a good free fellow, that sticks to me,
 A joviall fair companion; there's a Beauty:
 For women, I can have too many of them;
 Good women too, as the Age reckons 'em,
 More than I have employment for.

Pi. You are happy.

Mir. My only fear is, that I must be forced
 Against my nature, to conceal my self.
 Health, and an able body are two jewels.

Pi. If either of these two women were offer'd to me now,
 I would think otherwise, and do accordingly:
 Yes, and recant my heresies, I would Sir;
 And be more tender of opinion,
 And put a little off my travail'd Libertie
 Out of the way, and look upon 'em seriously.
 Me-thinks this grave-carried wench,

Bel. Me-thinks the other,

The

The home-spoken Gentle-woman, that desires to be fruitfull,
That treats of the full mannage of the matter,
For there lies all my aim; that wench, me-thinks
If I were but well set-on; for she is a fable,
If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me;
She speaks to th' matter, and comes home to th' point:
Now do I know I have such a body to please her,
As all the kingdom cannot fit her with, I am sure on't,
If I could but talk my self into her favour.

Mir. That's easily done.

Bel. That's easily said, would 'twere done;
You should see then how I would lay about me;
If I were vertuous, it would never grieve me,
Or any thing that might justifie my modesty,
But when my nature is prone to do a charitie,
And my calfs-tongue will not help me.

Mir. Will ye go to 'em?

They cannot but take it curteously.

Pi. I'll do my part,
Though I am sure 'twil be the hardest I e'r plaid yet,
A way I never try'd too, which will stagger me,
And if it do not shame me, I am happy.

Mir. Win 'em, and wear 'em, I give up my interest.

Pi. What say ye, *Monsieur Bellure*?

Bel. Would I could say,
Or sing, or any thing that were but handsom,
I would be with her presently.

Pi. Yours is no venture;
A merry ready wench.

Bel. A vengeance squibber;
She'll fleer me out of faith too.

Mir. I'll be near thee;
Pluck up thy heart, I'll second thee at all brunts;
Be angry if she abuse thee, and beat her a little,
Some women are won that way.

Bel. Pray be quiet,
And let me think: I am resolv'd to go on;
But how I shall get off again —

Mir. I am perswaded
Thou wilt so please her, she will go neer to ravish thee.

Bel. I would 'twere come to that once: Let me pray a little.

Mir. Now for thine honor *Pinac*, board me this modesty,
Warm but this frozen snow-ball, 'twill be a conquest
(Although I know thou art a fortunate Wencher,
And hast done rarely in thy daies) above all thy ventures.

Bel. You will be ever neer?

Mir. At all necessities,
And take thee off, and set thee on again, Boy;
And cherish thee, and stroak thee.

Bel. Help me out too?
For I know I shall stick 'ith' mire: if ye see us close once,
Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, suddainly.

For I am then determin'd to do wonders.
Farewell, and fling an old shoe; how my heart throbs?
Would I were drunk: Farewell *Pimac*; heaven send us
A joyfull and a merry meeting, man.

Pi. Farewell,
And chear thy heart up; and remember *Bellure*
They are but women.

Bel. I had rather they were Lyons.

Mir. About it; I'll be with you instantly. *Exeunt.*
Shall I ne'r be at rest? no peace of conscience? *Enter Oriana.*

No quiet for these creatures? Am I ordain'd
To be devour'd quick by these fle-Canibals?
Here's another they call handfom, I care not for her,
I ne'r look after her: When I am half tiple
It may be I should turn her, and peruse her,
Or in my want of women, I might call for her;
But to be haunted when I have no fancie,
No maw to th' matter — Now, why do you follow me?

Or. I hope, Sir, 'tis no blemish to my vertue,
Nor need you (out of scruple) ask that question,
If you remember ye, before your Travell
The contract you ty'd to me: 'tis my love, Sir,
That makes me seek ye, to confirm your memory,
And that being fair and good, I cannot suffer:
I come to give ye thanks too.

Mir. For what prethee?

Or. For that fair peece of honesty ye shew'd, Sir,
That constant nobleneess.

Mir. How? for I am short headed.

Or. I'll tell ye then; for refusing that free offer
Of *Monsieur Nantolets*; those handfom Beauties,
Those two prime Ladies, that might well have prest ye,
If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your promise.
I know it was for my sake, for your faith sake,
You slipt 'em off: your honesty compell'd ye.
And let me tell ye, Sir, it shew'd most handfomly.

Mir. And let me tell thee, there was no such matter:

Nothing intended that way of thae nature;
I have more to do with my honesty than to fool it,
Or venture it in such leak-barks as women;
I put 'em off, because I lov'd 'em not,
Because they are too queazie for my temper,
And not for thy sake, nor the Contract sake,
Nor vows, nor oathes; I have made a thousand of 'em,
They are things indifferent, whether kept or broken;
Meer veniall slips, that grow not near the Conscience;
Nothing concerns those tender parts; they are trifles;
For, as I think, there was never man yet hop'd for
Either constancie, or secrecie, from a woman,
Unless it were an Afs ordain'd for sufferance;
Nor to contract with such can be a Tiall;
So let them know again; for tis Justice,

And

And a main point of civill policie,
Whate're we say or swear, they being Reprobates,
Out of the state of faith, we are clear of all sides,
And 'tis a curious blindness to beleeve us.

Or. You do not mean this sure?

Mir. Yes sure, and certain,
And hold it positively, as a Principle,
As ye are strange things, and made of strange fires and fluxes,
So we are allow'd as strange wayes to obtain ye,
But not to hold; we are all created Errant.

Or. You told me other tales.

Mir. I not deny it;
I have tales of all sorts for all sorts of women,
And protestations likewise of all sizes,
As they have vanities to make us coxcombs;
If I obtain a good turn, so it is,
I am thankfull for it: if I be made an Ass,
The mends are in mine own hands, or the Surgeons,
And there's an end on't.

Or. Do not you love me then?

Mir. As I love others, heartily I love thee,
When I am high and lusty, I love thee cruelly
After I have made a plenteous meal, and satisfi'd
My senses with all delicates, come to me,
And thou shalt see how I love thee.

Or. Will not you marry me?

Mir. No, certain, no, for any thing I know yet;
I must not lose my liberty, dear Lady,
And like a wanton slave cry for more shackles.
What should I marry for? Do I want any thing?
Am I an inch the farther from my pleasure?
Why should I be at charge to keep a wife of mine own,
When other honest married men will ease me?
And thank me too, and be beholding to me:
Thou thinkst I am mad for a Maiden-head, thou art cozen'd;
Or if I were addicted to that diet
Can you tell me where I should have one? thou art eighteen now,
And if thou hast thy Maiden-head yet extant,
Sure 'tis as big as Cods-head: and those grave dishes
I never love to deal withall: Do'st thou see this book here?
I look over all these ranks; all these are Women,
Mayds, and pretenders to Maiden-heads; these are my conquests,
All these I swore to marry, as I swore to thee,
With the same reservation, and most righteously,
Which I need not have don neither, for alas they made no scruple,
And I enjoy'd 'em at my will, and left 'em:
Some of 'em are married since, and were as pure mayds again,
Nay o' my conscience better than they were bred for;
The rest fine sober women.

Or. Are ye not asham'd, Sir?

Mir. No by my troth, Sir; there's no shame belongs to it;
I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in pleasure,

As others do in rotten sheep, and pasture.

Or. Are all my hopes come to this? is their no faith? Enter
de Gard.

No troth? nor modesty in men?

de Ga. How now Sister,
Why weeping thus? did I not prophesie?
Come tell me why.

Or. I am not well; 'pray ye pardon me. Exit.

de Ga. Now *Monsieur Mirabeli*, what ails my Sister?
You have been playing the wag with her.

Mir. As I take it,
She is crying for a cod-peece; is she gone?
Lord, what an Age is this? I was calling for ye,
For as I live I thought she would have ravish'd me.

de Ga. Ye are merry Sir.

Mir. Thou know'st this book, *de Gard*, this Inventory.

de Ga. The Debt-book of your Mistrisles, I remember it.

Mir. Why this was it that anger'd her; she was stark mad
She found not her name here, and cry'd down-right,
Because I would not pittie her immediately,
And put her in my list.

de G. Sure she had more modesty.

Mir. Their modesty is anger to be over-done;
They'll quarrell sooner for precedence here,
And take it in more dudgeon to be slighted,
Than they will in publique meetings; 'tis their natures:
And alas I have so many to dispatch yet,
And to provide my self for my affairs too,
That in good faith—

de G. Be not too glorious foolish;
Summe not your Travails up with vanities,
It ill becomes your expectation:
Temper your speech, Sir; whether your loose story
Be true, or false (for you are so free, I fear it)
Name not my Sister in't; I must not hear it;
Upon your danger name her not: I hold her
A Gentlewoman of those happy parts and carriage,
A good mans tongue may be right proud to speak her.

Mir. Your Sister, Sir? d'ye blench at that? d'ye cavill?
Do you hold her such a peece, she may not be play'd withall?
I have had an hundred handsomer and nobler,
Has sa'd to me too for such a curtesie:
Your Sister comes i'th' rear: since ye are so angry,
And hold your Sister such a strong Recusant,
I tell ye I may do it, and it may be will too,
It may be have too; there's my free confession;
Work upon that now.

de G. If I thought ye had, I would work,
And work such stubborn work, should make your heart ake;
But I beleeve ye, as I ever knew ye,
A glorious talker, and a Legend maker
Of idle tales, and trifles; a depraver
Of your own truth; their honours fly about ye;

And

And so I take my leave, but with this caution,
Your sword be surer than your tongue, you'll smart else.

Mir. I laugh at thee, so little I respect thee;
And I'll talk louder, and despise thy Sister;
Set up a Chamber-maid that shall out-shine her,
And carry her in my Coach too, and that will kill her.
Go get thy Rents up, go.

de Ga. Ye are a fine Gentleman.

Exit.

Mir. Now have at my two youths, I'll see how they do,
How they behave themselves, and then I'll study
What wench shall love me next, and when I'll loose her. *Exit.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter *Pinac* and a *Servant*.

Pi. Art thou her servant, saist thou?

Ser. Her poor creature,
But servant to her horse, Sir.

Pi. Canst thou shew me
The way to her chamber? or where I may conveniently
See her, or come to talk to her?

Ser. That I can, Sir;
But the question is whether I will or no.

Pi. Why I'll content thee.

Ser. Why I'll content thee then; now ye come to me.

Pi. There's for your diligence.

Ser. There's her chamber, Sir;
And this way she comes out; stand ye but here, Sir,
You have her at your prospect, or your pleasure.

Pi. Is she not very angry?

Ser. You'll find that quickly:
'May be she'll call ye sawcy scurvey fellow,
Or some such familiar name: 'may be she knows ye,
And will fling a Piss-pot at ye, or a Pantofle,
According as ye are in acquaintance: if she like ye,
'May be she'll look upon ye, 'may be no,
And two moneths hence call for ye.

Pi. This is fine.
She is monstrous proud then?

Ser. She is a little haughtie;
Of a small body, she has a mind well mounted.
Can ye speak Greek?

Pi. No certain.

Ser. Get ye gon then;
And talk of stars, and firmaments, and fire-drakes,
Do you remember who was *Adams* School-master,
And who taught *Eve* to spin? she knowes all these,
And will run ye over the beginning o'th' world
As familiar as a Fidler.

Can ye sit seven hours together, and say nothing?
Which she will do, and when she speaks speak Oracles;
Speak things that no man understands, nor her self neither.

Pi. Thou mak'st me wonder.

Ser. Can ye smile?

Pi. Yes willingly:

For naturally I bear a mirth about me.

Ser. She'll ne'r endure ye then; she is never merry;
If she see one laugh, she'll swoond past Aquavitæ:
Never come near her, Sir; if ye chance to venture,
And talk not like a Doctor, you are damn'd too;
I have told ye enough for your Crown, and so good speed ye. *Ex.*

Pi. I have a pretty talk, if she be thus curious,
As sure it seems she is; if I fall off now,
I shall be laugh'd at fearfully; if I go forward,
I can but be abus'd, and that I look for,
And yet I may hit right, but 'tis unlikely.
Stay, in what mood and figure shall I attempt her?
A careless way? no, no, that will not waken her;
Besides, her gravity will give me line still,
And let me lose my self; yet this way often
Has hit, and handsomly. A wanton method?
I, if she give it leave to sink into her consideration;
But there's the doubt: if it but stir her blood once,
And creep into the crannies of her phansie,
Set her a gog: but if she chance to slight it,
And by the pow'r of her modesty fling it back,
I shall appear the arrantst Rascal to her,
The most licentious knave, for I shall talk lewdly.
To bear my self austerely? rate my words,
And fling a generall gravitie about me,
As if I meant to give Laws? but this I cannot do,
This is a way above my understanding;
Or if I could, 'tis ods she'll think I mock her;
For serious and sad things are ever still suspicious.
Well, I'll say something.
But learning I have none, and less good manners,
Especially for Ladies; well, I'll set my best face;
I hear some coming; this is the first woman
I ever fear'd yet, the first face that shakes me.

Enter
Lilia, Petella.

Li. Give me my hat *Petella*, take this veil off,
This sullen cloud, it darkens my delights;
Come wench be free, and let the Musick warble,
Play me some lusty measure.

Pi. This is she sure,
The very same I saw, the very woman,
The Gravitie I wonder'd at: Stay, stay,
Let me be sure; ne'r trust me, but she danceth,
Summer is in her face now, and she skippeth:
I'll go a little nearer.

Lil. Quicker time fellows,
I cannot find my legs yet, now *Petella*.

Enter Mirabell

Pi. I am amaz'd, I am founder'd in my fancie.

Mir. Hah, say ye so; is this your gravitie?
This the austeritie ye put upon ye?
I'll see more o' this sport.

Lil. A

Lil. A Song now ;
Call in for a merry, and a light Song,
And sing it with a liberall spirit.

Enter a man.

Man. Yes, Madam.

Lil. And be not amaz'd sirha, but take us for your own company.
Let's walk our selves; come wench, would we had a man or two.

Pi. Sure she has spi'd me, and will abuse me dreadfully,
She has put on this for the purpose; yet I will try her.
Madam, I would be loth my rude intrusion,
Which I must crave a pardon for—

Lil. O ye are welcom,
Ye are very welcom, Sir, we want such a one;
Strike up again: I dare presume ye dance well:
Quick, quick, Sir, quick, the time steals on.

Pi. I would talk with ye.

Lil. Talk as ye dance.

Mir. She'll beat him off his legs first.
This is the finest Masque.

Lil. Now how do ye, Sir?

Pi. You have given me a shrew'd heat.

Lil. I'll give ye a hundred.
Come sing now, sing; for I know ye sing well.
I see ye have a singing face.

Pi. A fine Modesty!
If I could she'd never give me breath,
Madam would I might sit and recover.

Lil. Sit here, and sing now,
Let's do things quickly, Sir, and handsomly,
Sit close wench, close, begin, begin.

Pi. I am lesson'd.

Lil. 'Tis very pretty y'faith, give me some wine now.

Pi. I would fain speak to ye.

Lil. You shall drink first, believe me:
Here's to ye a lusty health.

Pi. I thank ye Lady.
Would I were off again; I smell my misery;
I was never put to this rack; I shall be drunk too.

Mir. If thou be'st not a right one, I have lost mine aim much:
I thank heaven that I have scap'd thee: To her *Pinac*;
For thou art as sure to have her, and to groan for her---
I'll see how my other youth does; this speeds trimly:
A fine grave Gentlewoman, and worth much honour.

Exit.

Lil. Now how do ye like me, Sir?

Pi. I like ye rarely.

Lil. Ye see, Sir, though sometimes we are grave and silent,
And put on sadder dispositions,
Yet we are compounded of free parts, and sometimes too
Our lighter, airie, and our fierie mettles
Break out, and shew themselves; and what think you of that Sir?

Pi. Good Lady sit, for I am very weary;
And then I'll tell ye.

Lil. Fie, a young man idle:
Up, and walk; be still in action.

The

The motions of the body are fair beauties,
 Besides 'tis cold; ods-me Sir, let's walk faster.
 What think ye now of the Lady *Felicia*?
 And *Bella-fronte* the Dukes fair daughter? ha?
 Are they not handsom things? thereis *Duarta*,
 And brown *Olivia*.

Pi. I know none of 'em.

Lil. But brown must not be cast away, Sir; if young *Lelia*
 Had kept her self till this day from a husband,
 Why what a Beauty, Sir? you know *Ismena*
 The fair Jem of Saint *Germins*?

Pi. By my troth I do not.

Lil. And then I know you must hear of *Brisac*,
 How unlike a Gentleman—

Pi. As I live I have heard nothing.

Lil. Strike me another Galliard.

Pi. By this light I cannot;
 In troth I have sprain'd my leg, Madam.

Lil. Now sit ye down, Sir,
 And tell me why ye came hither, why ye chose me out?
 What is your business? your errant? dispatch, dispatch;
 'May be ye are some Gentlemans man, and I mistook ye,
 That have brought me a Letter, or a haunch of Venison,
 Sent me from some friend of mine.

Pi. Do I look like a Carrier?
 You might allow me what I am, a Gentleman.

Lil. Cry 'ye mercie, Sir, I saw ye yesterday,
 You are new come out of Travail, I mistook ye;
 And how do's all our impudent friends in *Italie*?

Pi. Madam, I came with duty, and fair curtesie,
 Service, and honour to ye.

Lil. Ye came to jeer me:
 Yee see I am merry, Sir, I have chang'd my copy:
 None of the Sages now, and 'pray ye proclame it,
 Fling on me what asperision you shall please, Sir,
 Of wantonness, or wildness, I look for it;
 And tell the world I am an hypocrite
 Mask in a forc'd and borrow'd shape, I expect it;
 But not to have you beleev'd; for mark ye, Sir,
 I have won a nobler estimation,
 A stronger tie by my discretion
 Upon opinion (how ere you think I forced it)
 Than either tongue or art of yours can slubbber,
 And when I please I will be what I please, Sir,
 So I exceed not Mean; and none shall brand it
 Either with scorn or shame, but shall be slighted.

Pi. Lady, I come to love ye.

Lil. Love your self, Sir.

And when I want observers, 'll send for ye:
 Heigh, ho; my fit's almost off, for we do all by fits, Sir:
 If ye be weary, sit till I come again to ye. *Exit.*

Pi. This

Pi. This is a wench of a dainty spirit; but hang me if I know yet
Either what to think, or make of her; She had her will of me,
And baited me abundantly, I thank her.
And I confess I never was so blurted,
Nor never so abus'd; I must bear mine own sins;
Ye talk of Travails, here's a curious Country,
Yet I will find her out, or forswear my facultie.

Exit.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter *Rosalura*, and *Oriana*.

Ros. Ne'r vex your self, nor grieve; ye are a fool then.

Or. I am sure I am made so: yet before I suffer
Thus like a girl, and give him leave to triumph---

Ros. You say right; for as long as he perceives ye
Sink under his proud scornings, he'll laugh at ye:
For me, secure your self; and for my Sister,
I partly know her mind too: howsoever
To obey my Father we have made a tender
Of our poor beauties to the travail'd *Monsieur*;
Yet two words to a bargain; he flights us
As skittish things, and we shun him as curious.
May be my free behaviour turns his stomach,
And makes him seem to doubt a loose opinion.
I must be so sometimes, though all the world saw it.

Or. Why should not ye? Are our minds only measur'd?
As long as here ye stand secure.

Ros. Ye say true;
As long as mine own conscience makes no question,
What care I for Report: That woman's miserable
That's good or bad for their tongues sake: Come let's retire.
And get my veil wench: By my troth your sorrow,
And the consideration of mens humorous maddings,
Have put me into a serious contemplation.

Enter *Mirabell*
and *Bellure*.

Or. Come faith, let's sit and think.

Ros. That's all my business.

Mir. Why standst thou peeping here? thou great slug, forward.

Bel. She is there, peace.

Mir. Why standst thou here then,
Sneaking, and peaking, as thou wouldst steal linnen?
Hast thou not place and time?

Bel. I had a rare speech
Studied, and almost ready, and your violence
Has beat it out of my brains.

Mir. Hang your rare speeches;
Go me on like a man.

Bel. Let me set my Beard up.
How has *Pinac* performed?

Mir. He has won already:
He stands not thrumming of caps thus.

Bel. Lord, what should I ail?
What a cold I have over my stomach; would I had some Hum.
Certain I have a great mind to be at her:

A mighty mind.

Mir. On fool.

Bel. Good words, I beseech ye;
For I will not be abused by both.

Mir. Adieu, then,
I will not trouble you, I see you are valiant,
And work your own way.

Bel. Hift, hift, I will be rul'd
I will y'faith, I will go presently:
Will ye forsake me now and leave me i'th' fuds:
You know I am false-hearted this way; I beseech ye,
Good sweet *Mirabell*; I'll cut your throat if ye leave me,
Indeed I will sweet heart.

Mir. I will be ready,
Still at thine elbow; take a mans heart to thee,
And speak thy mind: the plainer still the better.
She is a woman of that free behaviour,
Indeed that common curtesie, she cannot deny thee;
Go bravely on.

Bel. Madam— keep close about me,
Still at my back. Madam, sweet Madam.

Ros. Ha;
What noise is that, what saucy sound to trouble me?

Mir. What sayd she?

Bel. I am saucy.

Mir. 'Tis the better.

Bel. She comes; must I be saucie still?

Mir. More saucie.

Ros. Still troubled with these vanities? heaven blefs us;
What are we born to? would ye speak with any of my people?
Go in, Sir, I am busie.

Bel. This is not she sure:
Is this two children at a Birth? I'll be hang'd then:
Mine was a merry Gentlewoman, talkt daintily,
Talkt of those matters that befitted women;
This is a parcell-pray'r-book; I'm serv'd sweetly;
And now I am to look too; I was prepar'd for th' other way.

Ros. Do you know that man?

Or. Sure I have seen him, Lady.

Ros. Me-thinks 'tis pitty such a lusty fellow
Should wander up and down and want employment.

Bel. She takes me for a Rogue: you may do well Madam,
To stay this wanderer, and set him a work, forsooth,
He can do something that may please your Ladiship.
I have heard of women that desire good breedings,
Two at a birth, or so.

Ros. The fellow's impudent.

Or. Sure he is crazed.

Ros. I have heard of men too that have had good manners;
Sure this is want of grace; indeed 'tis great pitty
The young man has been bred so ill; but this lewd Age
Is full of such examples.

Bel. I am founder'd,
And some shall rue the setting of me on.

Mir. Ha? so bookish, Lady, is it possible?
Turn'd holy at the heart too? I'll be hang'd then:
Why this is such a feat, such an activitie,
Such fast and loose: a veyl too for your knavery?
O dio, dio!

Ros. What do you take me for, Sir?

Mir. An hypocrite, a wanton, a dissembler,
How e're ye seem, and thus ye are to be handled.
Mark me *Bellure*, and this you love, I know it.

Ros. Stand off, bold Sir.

Mir. You wear good clothes to this end,
Jewels, love Feasts, and Masques.

Ros. Ye are monstrous saucie.

Mir. All this to draw on fools? and thus, thus Lady,
Ye are to be lull'd.

Bel. Let her alone, I'll swinge ye else,
I will y'faith; for though I cannot skill o'this matter
My self, I will not see another do it before me,
And do it worse.

Ros. Away, ye are a vain thing;
You have travail'd far Sir, to return again
A windy and poor Bladder: you talk of women,
That are not worth the favour of a common one;
The grace of her grew in an Hospitall:
Against a thousand such blown fooleries
I am able to maintain good womens honours,
Their freedoms, and their fames, and I will do it.

Mir. She has almost struck me dumb too.

Ros. And declame
Against your base malicious tongues; your noyses;
For they are nothing else: You teach behaviours?
Or touch us for our freedoms? teach your selves manners,
Truth and sobriety, and live so clearly
That our lives may shine in ye; and then task us:
It seems ye are hot, the suburbs will supply ye,
Good women scorn such Gamesters; so I'll leave ye.
I am sorry to see this; 'faith Sir live fairly.

Exit.

Mir. This woman, if she hold on, may be vertuous,
'Tis almost possible: we'll have a new day.

Bel. Ye brought me on, ye forced me to this foolery;
I am sham'd, I am scorn'd, I am flurtd; yes, I am so:
Though I cannot talk to a woman like your worship,
And use my phrases, and my learned figures,
Yet I can fight with any man.

Mir. Fie.

Bel. I can, Sir,
And I will fight.

Mir. With whom?

Bel. With you, with any man;
For all men now will laugh at me.

Mir.

Mir. Pre'thee be moderate.
Bel. And I'll beat all men. Come.
Mir. I love thee dearly.
Bel. I beat all that love, Love has undone me;
 Never tell me, I will not be a History.
Mir. Thou art not.
Bel. 'Sfoot I will not; give me room,
 And let me see the proudest of ye jeer me,
 And I'll begin with you first.
Mir. Pre'thee *Bellure*;
 If I do not satisfie thee —
Bel. Well, look ye do:
 But now I think on't better, 'tis impossible;
 I must beat some body, I am maul'd my self,
 And I ought in Justice---
Mir. No, no, no, ye are couzen'd;
 But walk, and let me talk to thee.
Bel. Talk wisely,
 And see that no man laugh upon no occasion;
 For I shall think then 'tis at me.
Mir. I warrant thee.
Bel. Nor no more talk of this.
Mir. Do'st think I am maddish?
Bel. I must needs fight yet; for I find it concerns me,
 A pox on't, I must fight.
Mir. Y'faith thou shalt not. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter *De Gard*, and *Leverdure*, alias, *Lugier*.

de Ga. I Know ye are a Scholar, and can do wonders.
Lug. There's no great Scholarship belongs to this, Sir;
 What I am, I am; I pittie your poor Sister,
 And heartily I hate these Travellers,
 These Gim-cracks, made of Mops, and Motions:
 There's nothing in their houses here but humings;
 A Bee has more brains. I grieve, and vex too
 The insolent licentious carriage
 Of this out-facing fellow, *Mirabell*,
 And I am mad to see him prick his plumes up.
de Ga. His wrongs you partly know.
Lug. Do not you stir, Sir,
 Since he has begun with wit, let wit revenge it;
 Keep your sword close, wee'll cut his throat a new way.
 I am asham'd the Gentlewoman should suffer
 Such base lewd wrongs.
de Ga. I will be rul'd, he shall live,
 And left to your revenge.
Lug. I, I, I'll fit him:
 He makes a common scorn of handfom women;
 Modesty, and good manners are his May-games:

He

He takes up Maidenheads with a new Commission;
The Church, warrant's out of date: follow my Counsell
For I am zealous in the Cause.

de Gr. I will, Sir;

And will be still directed: for the truth is
My Sword will make my sister seem more monstrous:
Besides there is no honor won on Reprobates.

Leug. You are ith' right: The slight he has shew'd my Pupills
Setts me a fire too: goe Ile prepare your Sister,
And as I told ye.

de Gr. Yes all shalbe fit, Sir.

Leug. And seriously, and handsomely.

de Gr. I warrant ye.

Leug. A little councill more.

de Gr. 'Tis well.

Leug. Most stately.

See that observ'd; and then.

de Gr. I have ye every way.

Leug. Away then and be ready.

de Gr. With all speed Sir.

—Exit.

Enter Lelia, Rosaluce, Oriana.

Leug. Wee'll learne to travell too, may be beyond him
Good day, Faire beauties.

Lel. You have beautified us.

We thank ye Sir, ye have set us off most gallantly
With your grave precepts.

Ros. We expected Husbands
Out of your Documents, and taught behaviours;
Excellent Husbands, thought men would run starck mad on us
Men of all Ages, and all States: we expected
An Inundation of desires, and Offers,
A Torrent of trym Suitors: all we did,
Or said, or purpos'd to be Spels about us,
Spells to provoake.

Lel. Ye have provoak'd us finely,
We follow'd your directions, we did rarely,
We were Stately, Coy, Demure, Careless, Light, Giddy,
And plaid at all points: This you swore would Carry.

Ros. We made Love, and Contemn'd Love. Now seemd holy
With such a reverent put-on Reservation
Which could not misse according to your Principles,
Now gave more hope again. Now close, Now publick,
Still up and down, we beate it like a Billowe;
And ever those Behaviours you read to us,
Subtile, and new. But all this will not help us.

Lel. They help to hinder us of all Acquaintance,
They have frighted off all Friends: what am I better
For all my Learning, if I love a Dunce,
A handsome dunce? to what use serves my Reading,
You should have taught me what belongs to Horses,
Doggs, dice, Hawkes, Banketts, masks, free and faire Meetings
To have studied Gownes and Dressings.

Leug. Ye are not mad sure,

H

Ros.

Ref. We shalbe if we follow your encouragements ;
I'll take mine own way now :

Lel. And I my Fortune.

We may live Maids else till the Moon drop Milstones ;
I see your modest Women are tak'en for Monsters,
A Dowry of good breeding is worth nothing.

Leng. Since ye take it so toth' heart, pray'ye give me leave yet
And ye shall see how I'll convert this Heretique ;
Mark how this *Mirabell*.

Lel. Name him no more :

For, though I long for a husband, I hate him,
And would be married sooner to a Monkey,
Or to a Jack of Straw, then such a Juggler.

Ref. I am of that minde too ; he is too nimble,
And plays at fast and loose too learnedly
For a plain-meaning Woman ; that's the truth on't.
Here's one too, that we love well, would be angry ;
And reason why : No, no, we will not trouble ye
Nor him, at this time : may he make you happy.
We'll turn our selves loose now, to our faire Fortunes,
And the down-right way.

Lel. The winning-way wee'll follow,
Wee'll bait, that men may bite fair, and not be frighted ;
Yet wee'll not be carryed so cheap neither : wee'll have some sport,
Some mad-Morrisse or other for our money (*Tutor*.)

Leng. 'Tis like enough : prosper your own Devices ;
Ye are old enough to Choose : But for this Gentlewoman
So please her, give me leave.

Ori. I shall be glad Sir,
To finde a Friend, whose pity may direct me.

Leng. He doe my best, and faithfully deale for ye ;
But then ye must be ruled.

Ori. In all, I vow to ye.

Ref. Doe, doe : he has a lucky hand sometimes, He assure ye :
And hunts the recovery of a lost Lover deadly.

Leng. You must away straight.

Ori. Yes.

Leng. And He instruct ye :
Here ye can know no more.

Ori. By your leave, sweet Ladies,
And all our Fortunes, arive at our own wishes.

Lel. Amen, Amen.

Leng. I must borrow your man.

Lel. 'Pray take him ;
He is within : to doe her good, take any thing,
Take us, and all.

Leng. No doubt ye may finde Takers ;
And so wee'll leave ye to your own disposes.

Lel. Now which way, Wench.

Ref. Wee'll goe a brave way ; fear not :
A safe, and sure way too : and yet a by-way,
I must confesse I have a great minde to be married.

Exit.

Lel.

Lel. So have I too, a grudging of good-will that way ;
And would as fain be dispatch'd. But this Monsieur *Quicksilver*.

Ros. No, no : we'll bar him, by, and Mayne : Let him trample,
There is no safety in his Surquedrie :
An Army-Roiall of Women, are too few for him,
He keeps a Journall of his Gentleness,
And will go near to print his fair Dispatches,
And call it his Triumph over Time and Women :
Let him pass out of memory : what think ye
Of his two Companions ?

Lel. *Pinac* methinks is reasonable ;
A little Modestie he has brought home with him,
And might be taught in time some handsome duty.

Ros. They say he is a Wencher too.

Lel. I like him better :
A free light Touch or two becomes a Gentleman,
And sets him seemly off : so he exceed not,
But keep his Compass, clear he may be lookt at ;
I would not marry a man that must be taught,
And conjui'd up with Kisses ; the best Game
Is plaid still by the best Gamesters.

Ros. Fie upon thee !
What talk hast thou ?

Lel. Are not we alone, and merry ?
Why should we be asham'd to speak what we think ? thy *Gentleman*
The tall fat-Fellow ; he that came to see thee.

Ros. Is't not a goodly man ?

Lel. A wondrous goodly !
'Has weight enough I warrant thee : Mercy upon me ;
What a Serpent wilt thou seem under such a *St George*.

Ros. Thou art a Fool ; give me a man brings Mettle.
Brings substance with him ; needs no Brothes to Lare him :
These little Fellows shew like Fleas in boxes,
Hop up and down, and keep a stir to vex us ;
Give me the puissant Pike, take you the small Shot.

Lel. Of a great thing I have not seen a Duller,
Therefore methinks, sweet Sister-

Ros. Peace : he's modest :
A bashfulness, which is a point of grace, Wench :
But when these Fellows come to moulding, Sister,
To heat, and handling : as I live, I like him ; *Enter Mirabell.*
And methinks I could form him.

Lel. Peace : the Fire-drake.

Mir. 'Bless ye sweet Beauties : sweet incomparable Ladies :
Sweet wits : sweet humours : 'Bless you, Learned Lady,
And you, most holy Nun ; 'Bless your Devotions,

Lel. And 'bless your brains, Sir, your most pregnant brains, Sir,
They are in Travail, may they be delivered
Of a most hopefull Wild-Goose.

Ros. 'Bless your manhood :
They say ye are a Gentleman of Action,
A fare accomplish'd man ; and a rare Engineer,

You

You have a trick to blow-up Maidenheads,
A subtle trick, they say abroad.

Mir. I have Lady.

Ros. And often glory in their Ruines.

Mir. Yes forsooth;

I have a speedy trick : please you to try it :
My Engine will dispatch ye instantly.

Ros. I would I were a Woman, Sir, fit for ye,
As there be such, no doubt, may Engine you too ;
May with a Counter-mine blow up your valour :
But in good faith, Sir, we are both too honest ;
And the plague is, we cannot be perswaded :
For, look ye : if we thought it were a glory
To be the last of all your lovely Ladies.

Mir. Come, come ; leave prating : this has spoil'd your Market ;
This pride, and pufft-up heart, will make ye fast (Ladies)
Fast, when ye are hungry too.

Ros. The more our pain, Sir.

Lel. The more our health, I hope too.

Mir. Your behaviours

Have made men stand amaz'd ; those men that lov'd ye,
Men of fair States and parts ; your strange conventions
Into I know not what, nor how, nor wherefore ;
Your scorns of those that came to visit ye ;
Your studied Whim-whams ; and your fine set Faces :
What have these got ye ? proud, and harsh opinions :
A Travail'd-*Monsieur*, was the strangest Creature,
The wildest Monster to be wondred at :
His Person made a publique Scoff, his Knowledge,
(As if he had been bred 'mongst Bears or Bandoggs)
Shunn'd and avoided : his conversation snufft at.
What Harvest brings all this ?

Ros. I pray ye proceed, Sir.

Mir. Now ye shall see in what esteem a Travailer,
An under standing Gentleman, and a Monsieur
Is to be held, and to your greifes confes it,
Both to your greifes, and gaules.

Lel. In what I pray ye, Sir ?

We would be glad to understand your Excellence

Mir. Goe on, (sweet Ladies) it becomes ye rarely
For me, I have blest me from ye, scoff on, seriously,
And note the Man ye mock'd : you, (Lady Learning)
Note the poore Traveller, that came to visit ye,
That flat unfurnish'd Fellow : note him thoroughly,
You may chance to see him anon.

Lel. 'Tis very likely

Mir. And see him Courted, by a Travell'd Lady,
Held deer, and honour'd by a vertuous virgin,
May be a Beautie, not far short of yours, n either
It may be, cleerer.

Lel. Not unlikely

Mir. Younger :

As killing eyes as yours : a wit as poynant
 May be, a State to that may top your Fortune
 Enquire how she thinks of him, how she holds him ;
 His good parts ; in what precious price already ;
 Being a stranger to him, how she courts him,
 A stranger to his Nation too : how she dotes on him :
 Enquire of this ; be sick to know : Curse, Lady,
 And keep your Chamber : cry, and curse, a sweet one,
 A thousand in yearly land ; well bred, well friended :
 Travell'd, and highly followed for her fashions.

Lil. 'Bless his good Fortune, Sir.

Mir. This scurvy fellow ;
 I think they call his name *Pinac*, this serving-man
 That brought ye Venison, as I take it, Madam ;
 Note but this Scab ; 'tis strange that this coarse creature,
 That has no more set off, but his jugglings,
 His travell'd tricks.

Lil. Good, sir, I grieve not at him,
 Nor envy not his Fortune : yet I wonder,
 He's handsom ; yet I see no such perfection

Mir. Would I had his Fortune : for tis a woman
 Of that sweet temper'd nature, and that judgment,
 Besides her state, that care, clear understanding,
 And such a wife to bless him.

Ros. Pray ye whence is she ?

Mir. Of England and a most accomplish'd Lady,
 So modest that mens eies are frighted at her,
 And such a noble carriage. How now Sirrah ?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the great English Lady.

Mir. What of her, sir ?

Boy. Has newly left her Coach, and coming this way,
 Where you may see her plain : Monsieur *Pinac*,
 The onely man that leads her.

Enter Pinac, Mariana, and Attendants.

Mir. He is much honored ;
 Would I had such a favour : now vex Ladies,
 Envy, and vex, and raile.

Ros. Ye are short of us, Sir.

Mir. 'Bless your fair Fortune, sir.

Pi. I Nobly thank ye.

Mir. Is she married, friend ?

Pi. No, no.

Mir. A goodly Lady ;
 A sweet and delicate Aspect : mark, mark, and wonder.
 Hast thou any hope of her ?

Pi. A little.

Mir. Follow close then :
 Loose not that hope.

Pi. To you, Sir.

Mir. Gentle Lady.

Ros. She is fair indeed.

Lil. I have seen a fairer, yet
 She is well.

I

Ros. Her

Ros. Her clothes fit handsome too.

Lel. She dresses prettily.

Ros. And by my faith she is rich; she looks still sweeter.
A well-bred woman, I warrant her.

Lel. Do you hear, Sir;

May I crave this Gentlewomans name?

Pi. *Mariana*, Lady.

Lel. I will not say I owe ye a quarrel Monsieur
For making me your stale: a noble Gentleman
Would have had more curtesie; at least, more faith,
Then to turn of his mistress at first trial:
You know not what respect I might have shew'd ye;
I finde ye have worth.

Pi. I cannot stay to answer ye;

Ye see my charge: I am beholding to ye
For all your merry tricks ye put upon me,
Your bobs, and base accounts: I came to love ye,
To woo ye, and to serve ye, I am much indebted to ye
For dancing me off my legs, and then for walking me;
For telling me strange tales I never heard of,
More to abuse me, for mistaking me,
When ye both know I was a Gentleman,
And one deserv'd as rich a match as you are.

Lel. Be not so bitter, Sir.

Pi. You see this Lady:

She is young enough, and fair enough to please me,
A woman of a loving minde, a quit,
And one that weighs the worth of him that loves her,
I am content with this, and blest my Fortune,
Your curious Wits, and Beauties.

Lel. Faith see me once more.

Pi. I dare not trouble ye.

Lel. May I speak to your Lady?

Pi. I pray ye content your self: I know ye are bitter,
And in your bitterness, ye may abuse her;
Which if she comes to know, (for she understands ye not)
It may breed such a quarrel to your kindred,
And such an indiscretion fling on you too;
For she is Nobly friended.

Lel. I could eat her.

Pi. Rest as ye are, a modest noble Gentlewoman,
And afford your honest neighbours some of your prayers. *Ex*

Mir. What think you now?

Lel. Faith she's a pretty Whiting;
She has got a pretty catch too.

Mir. You are angry;

Monstrous angry now; grievously angry;
And the pretty heart does swell now.

Lel. No in troth, sir.

Mir. And it will cry anon; a pox upon it:
And it will curse it self: and eat no meat, Lady;
And it will fight.

Lel. Indeed you are mistaken ;
It will be very merry.

Ros. Why, sir, do you think
There are no more men living, nor no handsomer
Then he, or you ; By this light there be ten thousand
Ten thousand thousand : comfort your self, dear Monsieur,
Faces, and Bodies, Wits, and all Abilliments
There are so many we regard 'em not.

Enter Bellure, and two Gentlemen.

Mir. That such a noble Lady, I could burst now.
So far above such trifles.

Bel. You did laugh at me,
And I know why ye laughed. ?

1. Gen. I pray ye be satisfied ;
If we did laugh, we had some private reason,
And not at you.

2. Gen. Alas, we know you not, sir.

Bel. I'll make you know me ; set your faces soberly ;
Stand this way, and look sad ; I'll be no May-game ;
Sadder ; demurer yet.

Ros. What's the matter ?
What ailes this Gentleman ?

Bel. go off now backward, that I may behold ye ;
And not a simper on you lives.

Lel. He's mad sure.

Bel. Do you observe me too ?

Mir. I may look on ye.

Bel. Why do you grin ? I know your minde.

Mir. You do not.

You are strangely humorous : Is there no mirth, nor pleasure,
But you must be the object ?

Bel. Mark, and observe me ;
Where ever I am nam'd ;
The very word shall raise a general sadness,
For the disgrace this scurvy woman did me ;
This proud pert thing ; take heed ye laugh not at me ;
Provoke me not, take heed.

Ros. I would fain please ye ;
Do any thing to keep ye quiet.

Bel. Hear me,
Till I receive a satisfaction
Equal to the disgrace, and scorn ye gaveme :
Ye are a wretched woman ; till thou woo' st me,
And I scorn thee as much, as, seriously,
Gear, and abuse thee ; ask what Gill thou art ;
Or any baser name ; I will proclaim thee ;
I will so sing thy vertue ; so be-paint thee,

Ros. Nay, good sir, be more modest.

Bel. Do you laugh again ?
Because ye are a woman ye are lawless,
And out of compass of an honest anger.

Ros. Good sir, have a better belief of me.

Lil. Away deare sister.

Mir. Is not this better now, this seeming madness,
Then falling out with your friends.

Bel. Have I not frightened her?

Mir. Into her right wits, I warrant thee: follow this humor,
And thou shalt see how prosperously 'twil guide thee.

Bel. I am glad I have found a way to woo yet, I was afraid once
I never should have made a civill Suiter.

Well, I'll about it still.

Exit.

Mir. Doe, doe, and prosper.

What sport do I make with these fools? What pleasure
Feeds me, and fats my sides at their poor innocence? *Enter Lever.*

Wooing and wiving, hang it: give me mirth, *duce des Lugier,*

Witty and dainty mirth: I shall grow in love sure *Mr. Illiard.*

With mine own happy head. Who's this? To me, Sir?

What youth is this?

Leu. Yes, Sir, I would speak with you,
If your name be Monsieur *Mirabel.*

Mir. Ye have hit it.

Your businesse, I beseech yee.

Leu. This it is, Sir.

There is a Gentlewoman hath long time affected yee,
And lov'd ye dearly.

Mir. Turn over, and end that story,

'Tis long enough: I have no faith in women, Sir.

Leu. It seems so, Sir: I do not come to woo for her,
Or sing her praises, though she well deserve 'em.

I come to tell ye, ye have been cruel to her,

Unkind and cruell, falser of faith, and carelesse,

Taking more pleasure in abusing her,

Wresting her honour to your wild disposes,

Then noble in requiting her affection.

Which, as ye are a man, I must desire ye

(A Gentleman of rank) not to persist in,

No more to load her faine name with your injuries.

Mir. Why, I beseech ye, Sir?

Leu. Good Sir, I'll tell ye.

And I'll be short: I'll tell yee, because I love ye,

Because I would have you shun the shame may follow,

There is a noble man, new come to Town, Sir,

A noble and a great man that affects her,

A Countreyman of mine, a brave *Savoyan,*

Nephew to th' Duke, and so much honours her,

That 'twill be dangerous to pursue your old way,

To touch at any thing concerns her honour,

Believe, most dangerous: her name is *Oriana,*

And this great man will marry her: take heed, Sir;

For howsoev'r her brother, a staid Gentleman,

Lets things passe upon better hopes, this Lord, Sir,

Is of that fiery, and that poynant metall,

(Especially provok'd on by affection)

That 'twill be hard: but you are wise.

Mir.

Mir. A Lord, fir?

Lev. Yes, and a noble Lord.

Mir. 'Send her good fortune.

This will not stir her Lord; a Barronnefs,
Say ye fo; say ye fo: by'r Lady, a brave title;
Top, and top gallant now; 'save her great Ladifhip.
I was a poor fervant of hers, I muft confefs, Sir;
And in thofe daies, I thought I might be jovy,
And make a little bold to call into her:
But Bafte, now; I know my rules and diftance;
Yet, if ſhe want an Ulher; ſuch an implement;
One that is throughly pac'd; a clean made gentleman;
Can hold a hanging up; with approbation
Plant his Hat formally, and wait with patience
I do befeech you, fir.

Lug. Sir, leave your scoffing;
And as ye are a Gentleman, deal fairly:
I have given ye a friends counfel, fo I'll leave ye.

Mir. But hark ye, hark ye, fir; is't poffible
I may beleeeve what you fay?

Lug. You may chufe, fir.

Mir. No Baites? No Fish-hooks, fir? No Gins? No Noofes?
No Pitfalls to catch Puppies?

Lug. I tell ye certain;
You may beleeeve; if not, ſtand to the danger. *Exit.*

Mir. A Lord of *Savoy* ſaies he? The Dukes Nephew?
A man fo mighty? By 'Lady a fair marriage;
By my faith, a handſom Fortune: I muft leave prating;
For to confefs the truth, I have abuſed her,
For which I ſhould be ſorry; but that will ſeem ſcurvy;
I muft confefs, ſhe was ever ſince I knew her
As modeſt, as ſhe was fair: I am ſure ſhe lov'd me;
Her means good; and her breeding excellent;
And for my ſake ſhe has refus'd fair matches:
I may play the fool finely. Stay who are theſe? *Enter De-Gard,*
'Tis ſhe, I am ſure; and that the lord it ſhould ſeem, *Oriana, and*
He carries a fair Port; is a handſom man too: *Attendants.*
I do begin to feel, I am a Coxcomb.

Or. Good my Lord, chufe a nobler: for I know
I am fo far below your rank and Honor,
That what ye can fay this way, I muft credit,
But ſpoken to beget your ſelf ſport: Alas, Sir,
I am fo far off, from deſerving you,
My Beauty ſo unfit for your Affection,
That I am grown the ſcorn of common Railers,
Of ſuch injurious Things, that when they cannot
Reach at my perſon, lie with my reputation:
I am poor beſides.

De-G. Ye are all wealth and goodneſs;
And none but ſuch as are the ſcum of men,
The Ulcers of an honeſt State; Spight-weavers,
That live on poyſon onely, like ſwolln Spiders,

Dare once profane such excellence, such sweetness.

Mir. This man speaks loud indeed.

De-G. Name but the men, Lady ;
Let me but know these poor, and base depravers ;
Lay but to my revenge their persons open,
And you shall see how suddenly, how fully
For your most Beautilous sake, how direfully
I'll handle their despights. Is this thing one ?
Be what he will.

Mir. Sir.

De-G. Dare your malicious tongue, sir ?

Mir. I know you not ; nor what ye mean.

Or. Good my Lord.

De-G. If he, or any he.

Or. I beseech your Honor.

This Gentleman's a stranger to my knowledge,
And no doubt, sir, a worthy man.

De-G. Your mercy ;

But had ye been attaint of your Honor ;
A blaster of those beauties raign within ye ;
But we shall finde a fitter time : dear Lady,
As soon as I have freed ye from your Guardian,
And done some honour'd offices unto ye,
I'll take ye with those faults the world flings on ye ;
And dearer then the whole world I'll esteem ye.

Mir. This is a thundring Lord ; I am glad I scap'd him :
How lovingly the wench disclaim'd my villany ?
I am vext now heartily that he shall have her ;
Not that I care to marry, or to lose her ;
But that this Bilbo-Lord shall reap that Maiden-head
That was my due ; that he shall rig and top her ;
Ide give a thousand Crowns now, he might miss her.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Nay, if I bear your blowes, and keep your counsel,
You have good luck, Sir ; I'll teach ye to strike lighter.

Mir. Come hether, honest Fellow ; canst thou tell me
Where this great Lord lies ? This *Savvy* Lord ? Thou met'st him ;
He now went by thee certain.

Ser. Yes, he did, Sir ;
I know him ; and I know you are fool'd.

Mir. Come hether.

Here's all this, give me truth.

Ser. Not for your money ;
(And yet that may do much) but I have been beaten :
And by the worshipful Contrivers beaten ; and I'll tel ye ;
This is no Lord, no *Savvy* Lord.

Mir. Go forward.

Ser. This is a Trick, and put upon ye grossly
By one *Lugier* ; the Lord is Monsieur *De-Gard*, Sir ;
An honest Gentleman, and a neighbour here ;
Their ends you understand better then I, sure.

Mir. Now I know him.

Ser. Now

Know him now plain.

Ser. I have discharg'd my Colours; so God by ye, sir. *Exit.*

Mir. What a purblind Puppy was I; now I remember him.
All the whole cast on's face, though 'twere umber'd,
And mask'd with patches: what a dunder-whelp
To let him domineer thus: how he strutted,
And what a load of Lord he clapt upon him?
Would I had him here again, I would so bounce him,
I would so thank his Lordship for his lewd plot:
Do they think to carry it away, with a great band made of bird-
And a pair of pin-buttockt breeches? Ha! 'Tis he again. *(pots.*
He comes, he comes, he comes; have at him. *Enter De-Gard,*

Sings. My *Savoy* Lord, why dost thou frown on me? *Oriana, &c.*

And will that favour never sweeter be?

Wilt thou I say, for ever play the fool?

De-Gard, be wise, and *Savoy* go to School.

My Lord *De-Gard*, I thank ye for your Antick,
My Lady bright, that will be sometime Frantick;
You worthy Train, that wait upon this Pair,
'Send you more wit, and they a bouncing Baire;
And so I take my humble leave of your honors. *Exit.*

De-G. We are discover'd, there's no remedy;

Lelia, *Biancha's* man upon my life,
In stubbornness, because *Lugier* corrected him.

(A shameless Slaves-plague on him for a Rascal.)

Or. I was in a perfect hope; the bane on't is now;
He will make mirth on mirth, to persecute us.

De-G. We must be patient, I am vext to the proof too.

I'll try once more; then if I fail: Hear's one speaks.

Or. Let me be lost, and scorn'd first.

De-G. Well, we'll consider.

Away, and let me shift; I shall be hooted else. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS Quartus. Scen. i.

Enter Leugier, Lelia, Servants.

Leug. Faint not; but do as I direct ye, trust me;
Beleeve me too, for what I have told ye, *(Lady)*

As true as you are *Lelia*, is Authentick;

I know it; I have found it; 'tis a poor courage

Flies off for one repulse; these Travellers

Shall finde before we have done, a home-spun wir,

A plain French understanding may cope with 'em;

They have had the better yet, thank your sweet Squire, here;

And let 'em brag: You would be reveng'd?

Lel. Yes surely.

Lug. And married too?

Lel. I think so.

Leag. Then be Counsel'd;
 You know how to proceed : I have other Irons
 Heating as well as yours : and I will strike
 Three blowes with one Stone home, be rul'd, and hapie,
 And so I leave yee. Now is the time.

Lel. I am ready.

If he doe come to do me.

Ser. Will ye stand here,
 And let the people think, ye are God knows what, Mistress,
 Let Boyes, and Prentizes presume upon ye.

Lel. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Ser. Stand at his dore, that hates ye ?

Lel. Pre'thee leave prating.

Ser. 'Pray ye goe to th' Tavern. He give ye a Pint of wine there ;
 If any of the Mad-cap Gentlemen should come by
 That take up women upon speciall warrant,
 You were in a wise case now.

Enter, Mirabell, Pinac, Mariana, Priest, Attendants.

Lel. Give me the Garland,
 And wait you here.

Mir. She is here to seeke thee, Sirrah.
 I told thee what would follow; she is mad, for thee;
 Shew, and advance. So early stirring Lady,
 It shewes a busie mind; a fancie troubled:
 A willowgh Garland too. Is't possible,
 'Tis pittie so much Beautie should lie mustie,
 But 'tis not to be help'd now.

Lel. The more's my Miserie
 Good fortune to ye (Ladie) you deserve it:
 To me: too late Repentance; I have sought it:
 I doe not envy, though I greive a little,
 You are Mistress of that happines, those Joyes
 That might have bin, had I bin wise: but fortune.

Pi. She understands ye not, 'pray ye doe not trouble her;
 And do not crosse me like a Hare thus, 'tis as ominous,

Lel. I come not to upbraid, your Levitie.
 Though ye made shew of Love, and though I lik'd ye
 To claime an Interest; we are yet both Strangers,
 But what we might have bin, had you persever'd, Sir,
 To be an eye-sore to your loving Lady;
 This garland shewes, I give my self forsaken;
 (Yet She must pardon me, 'tis most unwillingly :)
 And all the power and interest I had in ye?
 As I perswade my self, somewhat ye Lov'd me;
 Thus patiently I render up, I offer
 To her that must enjoy ye: and so blesse ye;
 Onely, I heartily desire this Courtessie,
 And would not be denide: to wait upon ye
 This day, to see ye tide, then no more trouble ye.

Pi. It need not, Ladie.

Lel. Good, Sir, grant me so much.

Pi. 'Tis privat, and we make no Invitation.

Lel.

Lel. My presence, fir, shall not proclaim it publick.

Pi. May be 'tis not in Town.

Lel. I have a Coach, fir.

And a most ready will to do you service.

Mir. Strike now or never; make it sure: I tell thee,
She will hang her self, if she have thee not.

Pi. 'Pray ye, fir,

Entertain my noble mistress: onely a word or two
With this importunate woman, and I'll relieve ye.

Now ye see what your flings are, and your fancies,

Your States, and your wild stubbornnes, now ye finde

What 'tis to gird and kick at mens fair services,

To raise your pride to such a pitch, and glory

That goodness shews like Gnats, scorn'd under ye,

'Tis ugly, naught, a self-will in a woman,

Chain'd to an over-weening thought, is Pestilent,

Murthers fair Fortune first; Then fair opinion?

There stands a Patern, a true patient Patern,
Humble, and sweet.

Lel. I can but grieve my ignorance.

Repentance some say too, is the best Sacrifice;

For sure, Sir, if my chance had been so happy,

(As I confess I was mine own destroyer)

As to have arrived at you; I will not prophesie,

But certain, as I think, I should have pleas'd ye;

Have made ye as much wonder at my curtesie,

My love, and-duty; as I have dishearten'd ye,

Some hours we have of youth, and some of folly;

And being free-born Maides, we take a liberty,

And to maintain that, sometimes we strain highly.

Pi. Now ye talk reason.

Lel. But being yolk'd, and govern'd,

Married, and those light vanities purg'd from us;

How fair we grow, how gentle, and how tender

We twine about those loves that shoot-up with us?

A sullen woman fear, that talks not to ye;

She has a sad and darkn'd soul, loves dully;

A merry and a free wench, give her liberty;

Beleeve her in the lightest form she appears to ye;

Beleeve her excellent, though she despise ye;

Let but these fits and flashes pass, she will shew to ye;

As Jewels rub'd from dust, or Gold new burnish'd:

Such had I been, had you beleev'd.

Pi. Is't possible.

Lel. And to your happiness, I dare assure ye

If True love be accounted so; your pleasure,

Your will, and your command had tyed my Motions:

But that hopes gone; I know you are young, and giddy,

And till you have a Wife can govern with ye,

You saile upon this world-Sea, light and empty;

Your Bark in danger daily; 'tis not the name neither

Of Wife can steer ye; but the noble nature

The dilligence, the Care, the Love, the Patience,
She makes the Pilat, and preserves the Husband,
That knowes, and reckons every Ribb, he is built on;
But this I tell ye, to my shame.

Pi. I admire ye,
And now am sorry, that I ayne beyond ye.

Mir. So, so, so: faire and softly. She is thine own (Boy)
She comes now, without Lure.

Pi. But that it must needes
Be reckon'd to me as a wantonnesse,
Or worffe, a Madnesse, to forsake a Blessing,
A Blessing of that hope.

Lel. I dare not urge ye;
And yet deare, Sir.

Pi. 'Tis most certain, I had rather,
If 'twere in mine owne Choice, for you are my Country-woman,
A Neighbour here borne by me, She a Stranger;
And who knowes how her Friends?

Lel. Doe as you please, Sir,
If ye be fast: not all the world: I love ye,
'Tis most true: and cheer, I would perswade ye;
And I shall love ye still.

Pi. Goe, get before me:
So much ye have won upon me: doe it presently:
Here's a Preist ready: Ile have you.

Lel. not now, Sir,
No, you shall pardon me: advance your Lady,
I dare not hinder your most high preferment,
'Tis honor enough for me, I have unmask'd ye.

Pi. How's that.
Lel. I have caught ye, Sir; alas, I am no States woman,
Nor no great Traveller, yet I have found ye,
I have found your Lady too: your beauteous Lady;
I have found her Birth, and Breeding too: her disciplin:
Who brought her over, and who kept your Lady:
And when he laid her by, what vertuous Nunnery
Received her in: I have found all these: are ye blanck now,
Methinks such travel'd wisdomes should not feele thus:
Such excellent Indiscretions.

Mir. How could she know this?

Lel. 'Tis true she is English borne: but most part French now,
And so I hope you will find her, to your comfort,
Alas, I am ignorant of what, She cost ye:
The price of these hired Clothes I doe not know Gentlemen;
Those Jewells are the Broakers, how ye stand bound for'em.

Pi. Will you make this good?

Lel. Yes, yes; and to her face, Sir,
That she is an English whore, a kind of fling dust
One of your London Light o' Loves: a right one,
Came over in thin Pumps; and half a Petcicote,
One faith, and one Smock, with a broken Haberdasher;
I know all this, without a Conjuror:
Her name is Jumping-Jone, an ancient Sin-Weaver;

She

She was first a Ladies Chamber-maid, there slip'd
And broke her leg above the knee : departed
And set up shop her self. Stood the fierce Conflicts
Of many a furious Tearme ; there lost her Colours,
And last shipt over hither.

Mir. We are betray'd.

Lel. Doe you come to fright me with this Misterie?
To stirre me with a stink none can endure, Sir ?
I pray ye proceed, the Wedding will becom ye,
Who gives the Lady ? you ? an excellent Father :
A carefull man, and one that knows a Beautie,
'Send ye faire shipping, Sir, and so Ile leave ye ;
Be wise and manly, then I may chance to love ye. — *Exit.*

Mir. As I live I am asham'd, this wench has reach'd me,
Monstrous asham'd, but there's no remedie,
This skew'd-eyde Carten.

Pi. This I suspected ever,
Come, come, uncase, we have no more use of ye ;
Your Clothes, must back againe.

Maria. Sir, ye shall pardon me :
'Tis not our English use to be degraded :
If you will visit me and take your venture,
You shall have pleasure for your properties ;
And so sweet heart.

Mir. Let her goe, and the Devill goe with her :
We have never better luck with these prehudiums :
Come, be not daunted ; think she is but a woman,
And let her have the devills witt, wee'll reach her. — *Exit.*

Scen 2.

Enter Rosaluce, and Lugier.

Ros. Ye have now redeem'd my good opinion (Tutor)
And ye stand faire again.

Lug. I can but labour,
And sweat in your Affaires: I am sure *Bellure*:
Wilbe here instantly, and use his Anger
His wonted harshness.

Ros. I hope he will not beate me.

Lug. No sure ; he has more manners: be you ready.

Ros. Yes, yes, I am : and am resolv'd to fit him,
With patience to out-doe all he can offer ;
But how do's *Oriana*?

Lug. Worse, and worse still:
There is a sad house for her: she is now
Poore Ladie, utterly distracted.

Ros. Pittie :
Infinite pittie : 'tis a handsom Ladie,
That *Mirabel*'s a Beast, worse then a Monster.
If this affliction work not.

Enter Leles, Biancha.

Lel. Are ye readie ?

Bellure is comming on, here, hard behind me,
I have no leysure to relate my Fortune.

Onely

Onely I wish you may come off as handsomely,
Upon the sign you know what.

Exit.

Ref. Well, well, leave me.

Enter Bellure.

Bel. How now?

Ref. Ye are welcome, sir.

Bel. 'Tis well ye have manners:

That Curt'fy again, and hold your Countenance staidly;
That looks too light; take heed: so, sit ye down now,
And to confirm me that your gall is gone,
Your bitterness dispers'd, for so I'll have it;
Look on me stedfastly; and whatsoe'er I say to ye,
Move not, nor alter in your face, ye are gon then;
For if you do expresse the least distaste,
Or shew an angry wrinkle; mark me, woman,
We are now alone, I will so conjure thee:
The third part of my Execution
Cannot be spoke.

Ref. I am at your dispose, sir.

Bel. Now rise, and woo me a little, let me hear that faculty;
But touch me not; nor do not lie, I charge ye.
Begin now.

Ref. If so mean and poor a Beauty
May ever hope the grace.

Bel. Ye Cog, ye flatter

Like a lew'd thing, ye lie: may hope that grace?
Why, what grace canst thou hope for? Answer not,
For if thou dost, and lyesst again, I'll swindge thee;
Do not I know thee, for a pestilent woman?
A proud at both ends? Be not angry;
Nor stir not o' your life?

Ref. I am counseld, sir.

Bel. Art thou not now, (confess, for I'll have the truth out)
As much unworthy of a man of merit,
Or any of ye all? Nay of meer man?
Though he were crooked, cold, all wants upon him;
Nay of any dishonest thing, that bears that figure,
As Devils are of mercy?

Ref. We are unworthy.

B. l. Stick to that truth, and it may chance to save thee;
And is it not our bounty that we take ye?
That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortur'd with ye?
Our meer, and special bounty?

Ref. Yes.

Bel. Our pitty,
That for your wickedness we swindge ye soundly;
Your stubbornness and stout hearts, we be-labour ye?
Answer, to that?

Ref. I do confess your pitty.

Bel. And dost not thou deserve in thine own person?
(Thou Impudent, thou Pert; do not change countenanance?)

Ref. I dare not, sir.

Bel. For if ye do.

Ref.

Ros. I am settled.

Bel. Thou Wag-tail, Peacock, Puppy; look on me :
I am a Gentleman.

Ros. It seems no less, fir.

Bel. And darest thou in thy Surquedry ?

Ros. I beseech ye.

It was my weakness, fir; I did not view ye;
I took not notice of your noble parts;
Nor call'd your person, nor your proper fashion.

Bel. This is some amendes yet.

Ros. I shall mend, fir, daily.
And study to deserve.

Bel. Come a little neerer :
Canst thou repent thy Villany ?

Ros. Most seriously.

Bel. And be asham'd ?

Ros. I am asham'd.

Bel. Cry.

Ros. It will be hard to do, fir.

Bel. Cry now instantly;
Cry monstrously, that all the Town may hear thee;
Cry seriously; as if thou hadst lost thy Monkey;
And as I like thy Tears.

*Enter Lilia and four
women laughing.*

Ros. Now.

Bel. How? How? do ye jear me?
Have ye broke your bounds again Dame?

Ros. Yes, and laugh at ye;
And laugh most heartily.

Bel. What are these, Whirl-winds?
Is Hell broke loose, and all the Furies flutter'd?
Am I greas'd once again?

Ros. Yes indeed are ye;
And once again ye shall be, if ye quarrel:
Do you come to vent your fury on a Virgin?
Is this your manhood, fir?

1. VVo. Let him do his best :
Let's see the utmost of his indignation :
I long to see him angry : come, proceed, fir.
Hang him, he dares not stir; a man of Timber.

2. Wo. Come hither to fright Maids, with thy Bul-faces ?
To threaten Gentlewomen ? Thou a man ? A May-pole.
A great dry Pudding.

3. Wo. Come, come, do your worst, fir;
Be angry if thou dar'st.

Bel. The Lord deliver me.

4. Wo. Do but look scurvily upon this Lady,
Or give us one foul word. We are all mistaken;
This is some mighty Dairy-Maid in mans clothes.

Lil. I am of that minde too.

Bel. What will they do to me ?

Lil. And hired to come and abuse us; a man has manners;
A Gentleman, Civility, and Breeding :

Some Tinkers Trull with a beard glew'd on.

1. Wo. Let's search him;
And as we finde him.

Bel. Let me but depart from ye,
Sweet Christian women.

Lel. Hear the Thing speak, Neighbours.

Bel. 'Tis but a small request : if ere I trouble ye,
If ere I talk again of beating Women,
Or beating any thing that can but turn to me;
Of ever thinking of a handsom Lady
But vertuously and well : of ever speaking
But to her honor : This I'll promise ye,
I will take Rhubarb; and purge Choler mainly,
Abundantly Ile purge.

Lel. Ile send ye Brothes, Sir.

Bel. I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently,
I will doe any thing.

Ros. Ile be your Bayle then :
When ye com next to woo, pray ye com not boistroufly
And furnish'd like a Bear-ward.

Bel. No in truth, forsooth.

Ros. I sented ye long since.

Bel. I was to blame, sure;
I will appear a Gentleman.

Ros. 'Tis the best for ye,
For a true noble Gentleman's a brave thing;
Upon that hope we quit ye : You fear seriously ?

Bel. Yes truly do I; I confels I fear ye,
And honor ye, and any thing.

Ros. Farewel then.

Wo. And when ye come to woo next bring more mercy. *Exeunt.*

Bel. A Dary-Maid? A Tinkers-Trull : Heaven blefs me :
Sure if I had provok'd 'em, they had quarter'd me. *Enter two Gentlemen.*
I am a most ridiculous Ass, now I perocive it :
A Coward, and a Knave too.

1. Gen. 'Tis the mad Gentleman.
Let's set our Faces right.

Bel. No, no, laugh at me;
And laugh aloud.

2. Gen. We are better manna'd, sir.

Bel. I do deserve it; call me Patch, and Puppy,
And beat me if you please.

1. Gen. No indeed : We know ye.

Bel. 'Death, do as I would have ye.

2. Gen. Ye are an Ass then;
A Coxcomb, and a Calf.

Bel. I am a great Galf :
Kick me a little now : Why, when ? Sufficient :
Now laugh aloud, and scorn me ; so good buy ye;
And ever when ye meet me laugh.

Gen. We will, sir.

Exeunt.

SCÆN. 3.

Enter Nantolet, la-Castre, de-Gard, Lugier, Mirabel.

Mir. Your Patience, Gentlemen; why do ye bait me?

Nan. Is't not a shame you are so stubborn-hearted,
So stony and so dull to such a Lady,
Of her Perfections, and her Misery?

Lug. Does she not love ye? does not her distraction
For your sake only, her most pityed Lunacie
Of all but you, shew ye? does it not compell ye?

Mir. Soft and fair, Gentlemen, pray ye proceed temperately.

Lug. If ye have any feeling, any sense in ye,
The least touch of a noble heart.

le-Cast. Let him alone;
It is his glory that he can kill Beauty,
Ye bear my Stamp, but not my Tendernefs;
Your wild unfavoury Courses set that in ye!
For shame be sorry, though ye cannot Cure her,
Shew something of a Man, of a fair Nature.

Mir. Ye make me Mad.

De-G. Let me pronounce this to ye,
You take a strange felicity in flighting
And wronging Women; which my poor sister feels now,
Heavens hand be gentle on her: Mark me, Sir,
That very hour she dyes; there's small hope otherwise,
That minute you and I must grapple for it;
Either your life or mine.

Mir. Be not so hot, Sir,
I am not to be wrought on by these Policies;
In truth I am not; Nor do I fear the Tricks,
Or the high sounding Threats of a *Savoyen*:
I glory not in Cruelty; ye wrong me;
Nor grow up water'd with the Tears of Women;
This let me tell ye, howsoe're I shew to ye
Wilde, as you please to call it, or self-will'd;
When I see cause, I can both doe, and suffer,
Freely, and feelingly, as a true Gentleman.

Enter
Rosaluce & Lella.

Ros. O pity, pity; thousand thousand pities!

Lel. Alas, poor soul! she will die; she is grown senseless;
She will not know, nor speak now.

Ros. Die for Love,
And Love of such a Youth? I would die for a Dog, first.
He that kills me, Ile give him leave to eat me;
Ile know men better ere I sigh for any of 'em.

Lel. Ye have don a worthy act, Sir, a most famous;
Ye have kild a Maid the wrong way; ye are a conqueror.

Ros. A Conqueror? a Cobler; hang him Sowter;
Goe hid thy self for shame; go lose thy Memory;
Live not 'mongst Men; thou art a Beast, a Monster;
A Blatant Beast.

Lel. If ye have yet any honestie,

Or

Or ever heard of any; take my Counsell;
 Off with your Garters; and seek out a Bough,
 A handfom Bough; (for I would have ye hang like a Gentleman;) **And write some dolefull matter to the world,**
A warning to hard-hearted men.

Mir. Out Kitlings:

What Catterwalling's here? what gibbing?
 Do you think my heart is softned with a black Santis;
 Shew me some Reason. *Enter Oriana on a bed.*

Ros. Here then, here is a reason.

Nant. Now, if ye be a man, let this fight shake ye.

la-C. Alas poor Gentlewoman! do ye know me Lady?

Lug. How she looks up and stares.

Ori. I know ye very well:

You are my Godfather; and that's the Monsieur.

De-G. And who am I?

Ori. You are *Amadis de Gaule*, Sir.

Oh, oh, my heart! were you never in love, sweet Lady?
 And do you never dream of Flowres and Gardens;
 I dream of walking Fires: take heed, It comes now,
 Who's that? pray stand away, I have seen that face sure;
 How light my head is.

Ros. Take some rest.

Ori. I cannot.

For I must be up to morrow, to go to Church:

And I must dress me, put my new Gown on,

And be as fine to meet my Love: Heig ho!

Will not you tell me where my Love lies buried?

Mir. He is not dead: beshrew my heart she stirs me.

Ori. He is dead to me.

Mir. Is't possible my Nature
 Should be so dampnable, to let her suffer;
 Give me your hand.

or. How soft you feel; how gentle?
 Ile tell ye your fortune, Friend.

Mir. How she stares on me?

Ori. You have a flattering face; but 'tis a fine one;
 I warrant you may have a hundred Sweet-hearts:
 Will ye pray for me? I shall die to morrow;
 And will ye ring the Bells?

Mir. I am most unworthy;
 I doe confesse unhappy; doe you know me?

Ori. I would I did.

Mir. Oh fair tears; how ye take me.

Ori. Do you weep too? you have not lost your Lover?
 You mock me: Ile go home and pray.

Mir. Pray ye pardon me:

Or if it please ye to consider justly,
 Scorn me; for I deserve it: Scorn, and shame me:
Sweet Oriana.

Lel. Let her alone; she trembles.
 Her fits will grow more strong, if ye provoke her;

Certain

Ca-Laft. Certain ſhe knowes ye not, yet loves to ſee ye
How ſhe ſmiles now :

Bel. Where are ye? oh, why doe not ye laugh: come laugh at me;
Why a devill, art thou ſad, and ſuch a ſubject,
Such a ridiculous ſubject, as I am
Before thy face?

Mir. Pre'thee put off this Lightnes,
This is no time for mirth, nor place: I have us'd too much on't:
I have undon my ſelf and a ſweet Ladie,
By being too Indulgent to my Foolery
Which truly I repent: looke here.

Bel. What ayles ſhe.

Mir. Alas ſhe is mad.

Bel. Mad.

Mir. Yes, too ſure for me too.

Bel. Doſt thou wonder at that? by this good light, they are all ſo;
They are coz'ning mad, they are brawling mad, they are proud
They are all, all mad: I came from a world of mad women, (mad.
Mad as march Haires: get'em in Chaines, then deale with'em.
There's one that's mad: ſhe ſeemes well, but ſhe is dog mad:
Is ſhe dead, do'ſt think?

Mir. Dead? heaven forbid.

Bel. Heaven further it.

For till they be key-cold dead, there's no truſting of'em
What ere they ſeeme, or howſoere they carry it,
Till they be chap-falne, and their Tongues at peace,
Nay'd in their Coffins ſure, Ile ne're beleev'e'em,
Shall I talk with her.

Mir. No, deer friend, be quiet;
And be at peace a while.

Bel. Ile walk a ſide,
And come again anon: But take heed to her
You ſay ſhe is a woman?

Mir. Yes.

Bel. Take great heed:
For if ſhe doe not Cozen thee, then hang me:
Let her be mad, or what ſhe will, ſhee'll cheate thee — *Exit*

Mir. Away wild Foole: how vild this ſhewes in him now?
Now take my faith, before ye all I ſpeake it,
And with it, my repentant Love.

La-Caſt. This ſeemes well.

Mir. Were but this Lady cleere again, whoſe ſorrowes
My very hart melts for; were ſhe but perfect
(For thus to marry her, would be two Miſeries,)
Before the riſheſt, and the nobleſt Beautie,
France, or the world could ſhew me; I would take her
As ſhe is now, my Teares, and praifes ſhall wed her.

de-Ga. This makes ſome ſmall amends.

Reſ. She beckens to ye.
To us too, to goe off.

Nant. Let's draw aſide all.

Ori. Oh my beſt friend: I would faine.

Mir. What ? she speakes well,
And with another voice.

Ori. But I am fearfull,
And shame a little, stops my tongue.

Mir. Speake boldly.

Ori. Tell ye, I am well, I am perfect well. 'pray ye mock not;
And that I did this to provoke your Nature,
Out of my infinite, and restless Love,
To win your pittie : pardon me.

Mir. Goe forward;
Who set ye on ?

Ori. None, as I live, no Creature.
Not any knew, or ever dreamt, what I meant :
Will ye be mine ?

Mir. 'Tis true, I pittie ye;
But when I marry ye, ye must be wiser;
Nothing but Tricks ? devises ?

Ori. Will ye shame me ?

Mir. Yea, marry will I : Come neer, Come neer, a Miracle;
The Womans well : she was only mad for Mariage,
Stark mad to be ston'd to death; give her good Councel,
Will this world never mend ? are ye caught, Damsell ?

Enter Bellure, la-Castre, Lugier, Nantolet, de-Gard, Rasaluce, Bianth.

Bel. How goes it now ?

Mir. Thou art a kind of Prophet,
The woman's well again ; and would have gull'd me,
Well, excellent well : and not a Taynt upon her.

Bel. Did not I tell ye ? Let'em be what can be;
Saints, Devills, any thing, they will abuse us;
Thou wert an Ass to beleve her so long: a Coxcomb;
Give'em a minute, they'll abuse whole Millions.

Mir. And am not I a rare Phisitian, Gentlemen ?
That can cure desperate mad Mindes ?

de-Ga. Be not insolent.

Mir. Well, goe thy waies: from this howre, I disclaime thee,
Unles thou hast a Trick above this : then Ile love thee.
Ye owe me for your Cure ; pray have a Care of her,
For fear she fall into Relaps ; Come *Bellure*
We'll set up Bills, to Cure diseased virgins.

Bel. Shall we be merry ?

Mir. Yes.

Bel. But Ile no more projects;
If we could make 'em mad, it were some Mastery.

Exeunt.

Lil. I am glad she is well again.

Raf. So am I, certain
Be not ashamed.

Ori. I shall never see a man more.

de-G. Come ye are afoole : had ye but told me this Trick,
He should not have gloried thus.

Lug. He shall not long neither.

la-Cast. Be rul'd, and be at peace : ye have my Consent,
And what powre I can work with.

Nant.

Nant. Come, leave blushing;
We are your Friends; an honest way compell'd ye;
Heaven will not see so true a love unrecompenc'd;
Come in, and slight him too.

Lug. The next shall hit him.

Exeunt.

ACTUS Quintus. Scen. 1.

Enter De-Gard, and Lugier.

De-G. 'T Will be discover'd.

Lug. That's the worst can happen:
If there be any way, to reach, and work upon him;
Upon his nature suddenly, and catch him: That he loves,
Though he dissemble it, and would shew contrary,
And will at length relent: I'll lay my Fortune,
Nay more, my life.

De-G. Is she won?

Lug. Yes, and ready,
And my designments set.

De-G. They are now for Travel,
All for that Game again: they have forgot wooing.

Lug. Let 'em; we'll travel with 'em.

De-G. Where's his Father?

Lug. Within; he knows my minde too, and allows it;
Pitties your Sisters Fortune most sincerely;
And has appointed, for our more assistance,
Some of his secret Friends.

De-G. 'Speed the plowgh.

Lug. Well said;
And be you serious too.

De-G. I shall be diligent.

Lug. Let's break the Ice for one, the rest will drink too
(Beleeve me, sir) of the same Cup; my young Gentlewomen
Wait but who sets the Game a foot; though they seem 'stubborn,
Reserv'd, and proud now, yet I know their hearts,
Their pulses, how they beat, and for what cause, Sir;
And how they long to venture their Abilities
In a true Quarrel; Husbands they must, and will have,
Or Nunneries, and thin Collations
To cool their bloods; Let's all about our business,
And if this faile, let Nature work.

De-G. Ye have arm'd me.

Exeunt.

Scen. 2.

Enter Mirabel, Nantolet, La castre.

La Cast. Will ye be wilful then?

Mir. 'Pray, sir, your pardon,
For I must Travel: lie lazy here;
Bound to a Wife; Chain'd to her subtleties,
Her humors, and her wills, which are meer Fetters;
To have her today pleas'd, to morrow peevish,
The third day mad, the fourth rebellious;
You see, before they are married, what Moriscoes,

For

What Masques, and Mummeries they put upon us,
To be ty'd here, and suffer their Lavalto's?

Nan. 'Tis your own seeking.

Mir. Yes, to get my freedom;
Were they as I could wish 'em.

la-Cast. Fools, and Meacocks,
To endure what you think fit to put upon 'em:
Come, change your minde.

Mir. Not before I have chang'd air (Father)
When I know women worthy of my company,
I will return again and wait upon 'em;
Till then (dear Sir) I'll amble all the world over,
And run all hazards, misery, and poverty,
So I escape the dangerous Bay of Matrimony.

*Enter Pinac
& Bellure.*

Pl. Are ye resolv'd?

Mir. Yes certain; I will out again.

Pl. We are for ye, sir; we are your servants once more;
Once more we'll seek our fortune in strange Countries;
Ours is too scornful for us.

Bel. Is there ne'er a Land
That ye have read, or head of, (for I care not how far it be,
Nor under what Pestiferous Star it lies)
A happy Kingdom, where there are no Women?
Nor have been ever? Nor no mention
Of any such lewd Things, with lewder qualities?
For thether would I Travel; where 'tis Fellony
To confesse he had a Mother: a Mistris, Treason?

la-Cast. Are you for Travel too?

Bel. For any thing;
For living in the Moon, and stopping hedges,
E'er I stay here to be abus'd, and baffell'd.

(daughters;

Nant. Why did ye not break your minds to me? They are my
And sure I think I should have that command over 'em?
To see 'em well bestow'd: I know ye are Gentlemen,
Men of fair Parts and States; I know your Parents;
And had ye told me of your fair Affections:
Make but one Tryal more; and let me second ye.

Bel. No I'll make Hob-nailes first, and mend old Kettles:
Can ye lend me an Armor of high proof, to appear in,
And two or three field pieces to defend me?
The Kings Guard are meer Pigmeys.

Nant. They will not eat ye.

Bel. Yes, and you too, and twenty fatter Monseurs,
If their high stomachs hold: They came with Chopping-knives,
To cut me into Rands, and Surloyns, and so powder me.
Come, shall we go?

Nant. You cannot be so discourteous
(If ye intend to go) as not to visit 'em,
And take your leaves.

Mir. That we dare do, and civilly,
And thank 'em too.

Pl. Yes, sir, we know that honesty.

Bel. I'll

Bel. I'll come i'th Rear, forty foot off, I'll assure ye,
With a good Gun in my hand; I'll no more Amazons,
I mean, no more of their frights; I'll make my three legs,
Kiss my hand twice; and if I smell no danger;
If the interview be clear, may be I'll speak to her;
I'll ware a privy coat too; and behind me,
To make those parts secure, a Bandog.

la-Cast. You are a merry Gentleman.

Bel. A wary Gentleman; I do assure ye,
I Have been warn'd, and must be arm'd.

la-Cast. Well, Son,
These are your hasty thoughts, when I see you are bent to it,
Then I'll beleeve, and joyn with ye; So we'll leave ye:
There's a Trick will make ye stay.

Nant. I hope so.

Exeunt.

Mir. We have won immortal Fame now, if we leave 'em.

Pi. You have, but we have lost.

Mir. *Pinac*, Thou art cozen'd;
I know they Love ye; and to gain ye handsomly,
Not to be thought to yeeld, they would give millions;
Their Fathers willingness, that must needs shew ye.

Pi. If I thought so.

Mir. Ye shall be hang'd, ye Recreant,
Would ye turn Renegado no?

Bel. No lets away, Boyes,
Out of the Air, and tumult of their Villanies;
Though I were married to that Grasshopper,
And had her fast by th' legs I should think she would cozen me.

Fac. Monsieur *Mirabel*, I take it?

Enter a young Factor.

Mir. Y'are ith' right, sir.

Fac. I am come to seek ye, sir; I have been at your Fathers,
And understanding you were here.

Mir. Ye are welcome:
May I crave your name?

Fac. *Fosse*, Sir, and your servant;
That you may know me better; I am Factor
To your old Merchant, *Leverdare*.

Mir. How do's he?

Fac. Well, sir, I hope: he is now at *Orleance*,
About some business.

Mir. You are once more welcom.
Your Master's a right honest man; and one
I am much beholding too, and must very shortly
Trouble his love again.

Fac. You may be bold, sir.

Mir. Your business if you please now?

Fac. This it is, sir.

I know ye well remember in your Travel
A *Govan* Merchant.

Mir. I remember many.

Fac. But this man, sir, particularly; your own benefit
Must needs imprint him in ye: one *Alberto*;

A Gentleman you sav'd from being Murther'd
A little from *Bellonia*,
I was then myself in *Italie*, and supplide ye,
Though happely, you have forgot me now.

Mir. No, I remember ye,
And that *Alberto* too : a noble Gentleman :
More to remember, were to thanck myself, Sir.
What of that Gentleman ?

Fac. He is dead :

Mir. I am sorry.

Fac. But on his death bed, leaving to his Sister.
All that he had beside some Certaine Jewells,
Which with a Ceremony, he bequeathd to you,
In gratefull memory: he commanded strictly
His Sister, as she lov'd him and his peace,
To see those Jewells safe, and true deliverd ;
And with them, his last Love. She, as tender
To observe this wil, not trusting friend, nor Servant,
With such a weight, is come her self to *Paris*
And at my Masters House.

Mir. You tell me a wonder.

Fac. I tell ye a truth, Sir: She is young, and handsom,
And well attended : of much State, and Riches,
So loving, and obedient to her Brother;
That on my Conscience, if he had given her also,
She would most willingly have made her tender.

Mir. May not I see her ?

Fac. She desires it hartily.

Mir. And presently ?

Fac. She is now about some Business,
Passing Accompts of some few debts here owing,
And buying Jewells of a Merchant,

Mir. Is she wealthie.

Fac. I would ye had her, Sir, at all adventure.
Her Brother had, a main State.

Mir. And faire too ?

Fac. The prime of all those parts of *Italie*,
For Beautie, and for Curtesie.

Mir. I must needs see her.

Fac. 'Tis all her Business, Sir. Ye may now see her,
But to morrow will be fitter for your visitation ;
For she is not yet prepared.

Mir. Onely, her sight, Sir.

And when you shall think fit for further visit.

Fac. Sir, ye may see her ; and Ile wayt your Coming.

Mir. And Ile be with ye instantly: I know the house,
Mean time, my love, and thanks, Sir.

Fac. Your poore Servant

Pi. Thou hast the strangest Luck: What was that *Alberto* ?

Mir. An honest noble Marchant, 'twas my chance
To rescue from some Rogues had almost slain him ;
And he in kindness to remember this.

— Exit.

Bel. Now we shall have you:
For all your protestations, and your forwardness,
Finde out strange Fortunes in this Ladies eyes,
And new entirements to put off your journey ;
And who shall have honor then ?

Mir. No, no, never fear it :
I must needs see her, to receive my Legacy.

Bel. If it be tide up in her smock, Heaven help thee :
May not we see too ?

Mir. Yes, afore we go :
I must be known my self e'er I be able
To make thou welcom : wouldst thou see more women ?
I thought you had been out of love with all:

Bel. I may be,
I finde that with the least encouragement :
Yet I desire to see whether all Countreies
Are naturally possess'd with the same spirits ;
For if they be, I'll take a Monastery,
And never Travel ; for I had rather be a Frier,
And live mew'd up, then be a fool, and flouted:

Mir. Well, well, I'll meet ye anon ; then tell you more, Boys ;
How e'er, stand prepar'd, prest for our journey ;
For certain, we shall go, I think, when I have seen her.
And view'd her well.

Pi. Go, go, and we'll wait for ye ;
Your fortune directs ours.

Bel. You shall finde us ith' Tavern,
Lamenting in Sack and Sugar for our losses ;
If she be right Italian, and want servants,
You may prefer the properest man,
How I could worry a woman now ?

Pi. Come, come, leave prating ;
Ye may have enough to do, without this boasting

Exeunt.

Scæn. 3.

Enter Lugier, de-Gard, Rosalu. and Lillia.

Lug. This is the last adventure.

de-G. And the happiest,
As we hope too.

Ros. We should be glad to finde it.

Lil. Who shall conduct us thither ?

Lug. Your man is ready.

For I must not be seen ; no, nor this Gentleman ;
That may beget suspicion : all the rest
Are people of no doubt ; I would have ye, Ladies,
Keep your old liberties, and as we instruct ye :
Come, look not pale ; you shall not lose your wishes ;
Nor beg 'em neither : but be your selves, and happy.

Ros. I tell ye true, I cannot hold off longer,
Nor give no more hard language.

de-G. You shall not need.

Ros. I love the Gentleman, and must now show it ;
Shall I beat a propper man out of heart ?

Lug. There's none advises ye.

Lil. Faith I repent me too.

Lug. Repent, and spoil all.
Tell what ye know, ye had best.

Lil. I'll tell what I think ;
For if he ask me now, if I can love him,
I'll tell him yes, I can : The man's a kinde man ;

And

And out of his true honesty affect me ;
Although he plaid the fool, which I requited ;
Must I still hold him at the staves end ?

Lug. You are two strange woman.

Ref. We may be, if we fool still.

Lug. Dare ye beleve me ?

Follow but this advice I have set you in now,
And if ye lose : would ye yeeld now so basely ?
Give up without your honors saved ?

de-G. Fie, Ladies.

Preserve your freedom still.

Lil. Well, well, for this time.

Lug. And carry that full state.

Ref. That's as the winde stands :

If it begin to chop about, and scant us ;
Hang me, but I know what Ile do : come direct us,
I make no doubtr, we shall do handsomly :

de-G. Some part o' th' way, we'll wait upon ye, Ladies ;

The rest your man supplies :

Lug. Do well, I'll honor ye.

Exeunt.

SCENE 4.

Enter Factor and Mirabel, Oriana and two Merchants.

Fac. Look ye, Sir, there she is, you see how busie ;
Methinks you are infinitely bound to her, for her journey.

Mir. How gloriously she shews ? She is a tall woman.

Fac. Of a fair Size, sir. My Master not being at home,
I have been so out of my wits, to get her company :
I mean, sir, of her own fair Sex, and fashion.

Mir. A far off, she is most fair too.

Fac. Neer, most Excellent.

At length, I have entreated two fair Ladies,
And happily you know 'em : the young daughters
Of Monsieur Nantoles.

Mir. I know 'em well, sir.

What are those ? Jewels ?

Fac. All.

Mir. They make a rich shew ?

Fac. There is a matter of ten thousand pounds too
Was owing here : you see those Merchants with her ;
They have brought it in now.

Mir. How handsomly her shape shews ?

Fac. Those are still neate : your Italians are most curious ;
Now she looks this way.

Mir. She has a gooly presence,
How full of curtesie ? Well, sir, I'll leave ye.
And if I may be bold to bring a friend or two ;
Good noble Gentlemen.

Fac. No doubtr, ye may, sir.
For you have most command.

Mir. I have seen a wonder.

Or. Is he gon ?

Fac. Yes.

Or. How ?

Fac. Taken to the utmost.
A wonder dwels about him.

Or. He did not guess at me ?

Fac. No, be secure ; ye shew another woman.
He is gone to fetch his friends.

Or. Where are the Gentlewomen ?

Fac. Here,

Fac. Here, here, now they are come,
Sit still, and let them see ye.

*Enter Rosaluce, Lillia,
Servant.*

Ros. Pray ye, where's my friend, Sir?

Fac. She is within, Ladies, but here's another Gentlewoman;
A stranger to this Towne: so please you visit her,
*I will be well taken.

Lil. Where is she?

Fac. There, Above; Ladies.

Ser. *Bless me: what Thing is this? two Pinacles,
Upon her pate! Is't not a glode to catch Wood-cocks?

Ros. Peace, ye rude, knave.

Ser. What a bouncing Bum she has too?
There's Saile enough for a Carreck.

Ros. What is this Lady?

For as I live, she's a goodly woman.

Fac. Ghess, gheffs.

Lil. I have not seen a nobler Presence.

Ser. 'Tis a lustie wench: now could I spend my forty-pence,
With all my heart, to have but one fling at her;
To give her but a washing blow.

Lil. Ye Rascall.

Ser. I that's all a man has, for's goodwill: 'twil be long enough,
Before ye cry come *Anthonye*, and kiss me.

Lil. Ile have ye whipt.

Ros. Has my friend seen this Lady?

Fac. Yes, yes, and is well known to her.

Ros. I much admire her Presence.

Lil. Soe do I too:

For I protest, she is the handsomest,
The rarest, and the newest to mine eie
That ever, I saw yet.

Ros. I long to know her;
My friend shall doe that kindnes.

Orl. So she shall Ladies.

Come, pray ye come up.

Ros. O, me,

Lil. Hang me if I knew her:
Were I a man my self, I should now love ye;
Nay, I should deare.

Ros. I dare not, trust mine eies;
For as I live ye are the strangest alker'd
I must come up to know the truth.

Ser. So must I, Lady;
For I am a kind of unbeliever too.

Lil. Get ye gon, Sirrah;
And what ye have seen, be secret in: you are paid else;
No more of your long tongue.

Fac. Will ye goe in Ladies,
And talke with her: These venturers will come strait:
Away with this fellow.

Lil. There, Sirrah, goe, disport ye.

Ser. I would the Trunk-hos'd woman, would goe with me.

Exit.

SCENE. 5.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, Bellure.

Pi. Is she so glorious handsome?

Mir. You would wonder:

Our Women look like Gipsies, like Gills to her:
Their Clothes and fashions beggerly, and Bankrupt:
Base, old, and scurvy.

P

Bel. How

Bel. How looks her face?

Mir. Most heavenly:

And the becoming-motion of her Bodie
So sett's her off.

Bel. Why then we shall stay.

Mir. Pardon me:

That's more then I know: if she be that Woman,
She appeares to be.

Bel. As 'tis impossible.

Mir. I shall then tell ye more.

Pi. Did ye speake to her?

Mir. No, no, I onely saw her: She was busie
Now I goe for that end: And mark her (*Gentlemen*)
If she appear, not to ye, one of the sweetest,
The handsoamest: the sayrest, in behaviour,
We shall meet the two wenches there too, they come to visit her,
To wonder, as we doe.

Pi. Then we shall meet 'em.

Bel. I had rather meet two Beares.

Mir. There you may take your leaves, dispatch that business,
And as ye find their humours.

Pi. Is your Love there too?

Mir. No certain, she has no great heart to set out againe.
This is the house, Ile usher ye?

Bel. Ile blefs me,

And take a good heart if I can:

Mir. Come, nobly

Exeunt.

Scen. 6.

Enter Factor, Rosaluce, Lillia, Oriana.

Fac. They are come in: Sit you two off, as Strangers,
There Ladie: where's the Boy? be readie, Sirrha
And cleere your Pipes, the Musick now: they enter.

Musick: then

Pi. What a State she keepes? how far off they sit, from her? *Enter Mirabell,*
How rich she is, I marry, this shewes bravely. *Pinac and Bellure.*

Bel. She is a lusty wench: and may allure a good man,
But if she have a Tongue, Ile not give two pence for her:
There fits my Fury: how I shake to see her.

Fac. Madam this is the Gentleman.

Mir. How sweet she kisses?

She has a Spring dwells on her lipps: a paradize
This is the Legacie.

Song.

*From the honor'd dead I bring } Take it nobly, 'tis your due,
Thus his love and last offering: } From a friendship ever true.
From a faith &c.*

Ori. Most noble, Sir.

This from my now dead Brother, as his love,
And gratefull memory of your great benefit:
From me my thanks, my wishes, and my Service,
Till I am more acquainted I am silent.

Onely I dare say this, you are truly noble:

Mir. What should I think?

Pi. Think ye have a handsome fortune,
Would I had such another.

Ros. Ye are well mett Gentlemen,
We heare ye are for Travell?

Pi. Ye heare true, Ladie,
And come to take our Leaves.

Lil. Wee'll along with ye,
We see you are growne so witty by your Journey,
We cannot choose but step out too: This Lady,

We meanto wait upon as far as *Italy*.

Bel. I'll travel into *Wales*, amongst the Mountains;
I hope they cannot finde me.

Ros. If you go further;
So good, and free society we hold ye,
We'll jog along too.

Pi. Are ye so valiant Lady?

Lil. And we'll be merry, Sir, and laugh.

Pi. It may be
We'll go by Sea.

Lil. Why 'tis the the onely voyage;
I love a Sea-voyage, and a blustering Tempest;
And let all split.

Pi. This is a dainty Damosel:
I think 'twill tame ye: can ye ride post?

Lil. O excellently: I am never weary that way:
A hundred mile a day is nothing with me.

Bel. I'll travel under ground: do you hear (sweet Lady?)
I finde it will be dangerous for a woman.

Ros. No danger, Sir, I warrant; I love to be under.

Bel. I see she will abuse me all the world over:
But say we pass through *Germany*, and drink hard?

Ros. We'll learn to drink and swagger too.

Bel. She'll beat me.

Lady, I'll live at home.

Ros. And I'll live with thee;
And We'll keep house together.

Bel. I'll keep hounds first;
And those I hate right hartily:

Pi. I go for *Turky*,
And so it may be up into *Persia*.

Lil. We cannot know to much, I'll travel with ye.

Pi. And you'll abuse me?

Lil. Like enough.

Pi. 'Tis dainty:

Bel. I will live in a bawdy-house.

Ros. I dare come to ye.

Bel. Say, I am dispos'd to hang my self?

Ros. There I'll leave ye:

Bel. I am glad I know how to avoid ye.

Mir. May I speak yet?

Fac. She beckons to ye.

Mir. Lady, I could wish, I knew to recompence,
Even with the service of my life, those paines,
And these high favours you have thrown upon me;
Till I be more desertful in your eye;
And till my duty shall make known I honor ye:
Noblest of Women, do me but this favour,
To accept this back again, as a poor testimony.

Or. I must have you too with 'em; else the Will,
That says they must rest with ye, is infringing'd, Sir;
Which pardon me, I dare not do.

Mir. Take me then;
And take me with the truest love.

Or. 'Tis certain,
My Brother lov'd ye dearly, and I ought
As dearly to preserve that love. But, Sir,
Though I were willing; these are but your Ceremonies.

Mir. As I have life, I speak my soul:

Or. I like ye.
But how you can like me, without I have Testimony,
A Stranger to ye.

Mir. I'll marry ye immediately.
A fair State, I dare promise ye.

Bel. Yet she'll cozen thee.

Or. Would some fair Gentlemen durst promise for ye.

Mir. By all that's good

Enter la. Chiffre Nautoler,

All. And we'll make up the rest, Lady.

Lugier, & de Gard.

Or. Then *Oriana* takes ye; nay, she has caught ye;

If ye start now let all the World cry shame on ye:

I have out Travell'd ye.

Bel. did not I say she would cheat thee?

Mir. I thank ye, I am pleas'd, ye have deceived me;
And willingly I swallow it, and joy in't;

And yet perhaps I know ye: whose plot was this?

Lug. He is not asham'd that cast it: he that executed
Followed your Fathers will.

Mir. What a world's this, nothing but craft, and cozenage?

Or. Who begun, fir.

Mir. Well; I do take thee upon meer Compassion;
And I do think, I shall love thee. As a Testimony,

I'll burn my book, and turn a new leaf over.

But these fine clothes you shall wear still.

Or. I obey you, fir, in all.

Naut. And how! How, daughters! What say you to these Gentlemen?
What say ye, Gentlemen, to the Girles?

Pi. By my troth—if she can love me.

Lil.—How long?

Pi. Nay, if once ye love.

Lil. Then take me,
And take your chance.

Pi. Most willingly, ye are mine, Lady:
And if I use ye not, that ye may love me.

Lil. A Matchy^e faith.

Pi. Why now ye travel with me.

Ref. How that thing stands?

Bel. It will, if ye urge it.

*Bless your five wits.

Ref. Nay, prethe stay, I'll have thee.

Bel. You must ask me leave first.

Ref. Wilt thou use me kindly;

And beat me but once a week?

Bel. If ye deserve no more.

Ref. And wilt thou get me with child?

Bel. Dost thou ask me seriously?

Ref. Yes indeed do I.

Bel. Yes, I will get thee with child: Come presently,
And 't be but in revenge, I'll do thee that curtesie.
Well, if thou wilt fear God, and me; have at thee.

Ref. I'll love ye, and I'll honor ye:

Bel. I am pleas'd then.

Mir. This *Wild-Goose-Chase* is done, we have won o' both sides.
Brother, your love: and now to Church of all hands;
Let's lose no time.

Pi. Our Travelling, lay by.

Bel. No more for *Italy*; for the *Low-Countries*,

Exeunt.

FINIS.

